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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S announcement of the Government's plan for the depressed areas disappointed many even of the Conservatives in the House of Commons. In the country, the disappointment will be intense. The two new Commissioners, says the Chancellor, will bring to their task the qualities of "imagination, sympathy and courage." No doubt; but to render these effective they need scope and they need money, and the Government allows them precious little of either. They "must not be afraid to experiment," we are told. But the limits within which they may work are circumscribed. Land settlement and transference schemes, drainage works, tidying up slag-heaps and so on—these may better the lot of some thousands. But the bolder proposals in the Reports are ignored. There is no large idea of industrial planning. No mention was made of the mining royalties question, nor of the still more urgent problem of the boys and girls pouring into the overcrowded labour market at the age of fourteen. And the sum of £2,000,000, which is to be voted as a beginning this year, is a miserably inadequate beginning.

The Bad End of the Session

The parliamentary session ends with the forcing through of two Bills in which the National Government can take but little pride. The Sedition Bill is an unnecessary and a sinister tampering with liberty, which men who really believed in democratic principles would never have dreamed of putting on the Statute Book. It is not a measure under which we expect to see frequent prosecutions in quiet times; its effect will be to censor rather than to punish the expression of pacifist opinion. The Betting Bill is a relatively harmless affair, though it has incensed a good many of the ordinarily faithful supporters of the Government. The intention of the Bill—to regulate gambling in the public interest—is sound enough; but it has inconsistencies, exceptions and gaps, which lay it open to serious criticism. We hold no brief for the chasing of tin hares by greyhounds; it is a sport indeed which has produced grave abuses. But we share the feeling of those who question whether the differential treatment of dogs and horses is not too differential. Nor are we troubled by the ban on the Irish Sweepstake or other "big lotteries." But we see small reason to believe that this or any other provision in the Bill will appreciably diminish the real social mischief. The real social mischief lies in the widespread practice of constant betting by people who cannot afford it, and no Act of Parliament is going to cure that.

A Radical Congress

Conservative opinion in America affects horror when it contemplates the "radicalism" of the Congress that has just been elected. Some odd phases of opinion are

represented, for there are several supporters ownsend plan, a variant of the Douglas Credit nd there is "Huey" Long, who in his own State, siana, has declared a two years' moratorium on all t trifling debts, with the single exception of hire-purchase instalments. There will be pressure for inflation, and for the immediate handing out to ex-soldiers of the bonuses due to them eleven years hence. But there are two coherent Left Wing groups, which should exert a salutary influence, the La Follette Progressives and the Farmer Labour Party of the Middle West. The latter might be classed in Europe as very moderate Socialists. Of successes won by Socialists who dared to use that name the telegrams make no mention, save in the State Legislature of Connecticut. The chief consequence of the election of a Congress of this complexion will be that the President may totally disregard, if he dare do it, the agitation of Big Business and the bankers for economy and a balanced budget. More boldly than before he may set to work to "spend his way out of the depression" through housing schemes and public works.

The President's Policy

That this will be his policy one may infer from the choice he has just made of Mr. Marriner Eccles, as President of the Federal Reserve Board. He has a reputation as a skilful banker, and Americans regard him as a disciple of Mr. Keynes. The next phase of the New Deal, though it means a frontal attack on American traditions, will seem to English observers curiously belated. Next session Mr. Roosevelt will begin to do what English Liberals did in the Parliament of 1906; he will introduce social insurance and possibly old age pensions. Apart from this we shall test his use of his new authority by two criteria. Will he remedy the worst of General Johnson's failures, by making a reality of collective bargaining? And can he curb the tendency of the industrial organisations, which in effect are licensed cartels, to raise prices faster than wages? Unless he can do this, the balanced economy of which his theorists talk is as far away as ever, and any recovery that he can engineer by lavish spending will be as precarious as any old-time boom.

General Smuts's Warnings

General Smuts said some wise things in his speech at the Savoy Hotel last Monday. Europe, as he observed, is obsessed by fear and inferiority complexes, and a magnanimous policy is wanted to deal with them. It is a pity it was not applied, not merely a year or two ago before the advent of Hitlerism, but at the Peace Conference in 1919 when the Allied statesmen—and not least General Smuts himself—were sowing the dragon's teeth. To-day it would seem that magnanimity towards Germany (if that means recognition of her claim to equality in arms, as it presumably does, and not the return, say, of her South West African colony), amounts to little except a dignified acknowledgment of a *fait accompli*. Germany has already jumped the claim. Would the position be made worse—and might it not be made better—by an admission which brought the Germans back to Geneva and allowed of fresh attempts to strengthen the foundations of peace? Unfortunately, as General Smuts knows quite well, what he calls magnanimity the French regard as Quixotism, if not sheer lunacy. In the latter part of his speech General Smuts rightly stressed the danger that is threatening from the Far East. He desires, as all of us do, that we shall keep on the best terms we honourably can with Japan. But he gives no countenance to the advocates of a new Anglo-Japanese alliance—an alliance which would be both dishonourable in its conditions and disastrous in its effects. Our policy, he insists, must be to stand with America.

Japan, U.S.A., and Great Britain

The suggestion, made publicly by a member of the F.B.I. Commission to Manchuria, that Great Britain might renew her naval alliance with Japan, has been strenuously denied on behalf of the British Government, and Japan has not so far replied to the British proposal that Japan might obtain nominal "parity" at sea while accepting actual inferiority to the two other great naval Powers. There seems, unfortunately, little doubt that Japan is determined to put an end to the Washington Treaty—one of the few great instruments of peace devised since the war—and that the United States will not in any case tolerate any change in the five-to-three ratio agreed as between America and Japan. If Japan builds, it will be a miracle if the United States does not build too. We are confronted thus with the grave menace of a new race in naval armaments. What then, is the British attitude? Powerful vested interests, to whom Japan is making advances, urge the British Government to keep in with Japan at all costs, and since Great Britain feels her naval weakness in the Pacific, the British Cabinet is only too much inclined to listen to these suggestions. In the long run, to recognise Manchukuo and to look for friendship with Japan at the risk of a deterioration of our relations with the United States would prove a foolish and tragic blunder. The right solution is for Great Britain and the United States to keep a complete unity of front in regard to Japan, whose policy, which she does not even think it worth while to hide, is to buy off Great Britain, in order that she may proceed with greater security to further aggressions in Asia.

Belgium and the Gold Standard

The Belgian Cabinet resigned on Tuesday. Ministers were at odds among themselves over the difficult deflationary policy which they have been struggling for some months to carry out. M. de Broqueville professed to optimism; but he had to admit that the national balance sheet is a sorry affair, with its heavily diminished revenue from taxation and its large increases in military and unemployment relief expenditures. The remedy chosen involves the familiar "economy" measures of cutting civil servants' pay and paring the social services. The alternative is the devaluation of the belga. The Government have sworn that they will die in the last ditch to keep the country on the gold standard, and the press and a great part of public opinion have been vociferous in their support. But the advocates of devaluation have increased rapidly of late in Belgium, as they have in Holland, and they include men of substance and responsibility in the world of business. Doubtless the old Cabinet will be succeeded by another of the same com-

plexion—that is, a Catholic-Liberal coalition—which will cling as tight as it can to gold. But we shall not be surprised if it is forced off before very long.

The German Church War

Hitler's decision to wash his hands of the whole business has not, of course, ended the religious struggle in Germany. The "German Christians" are making the best of his defection, and even professing to welcome it, on the ground that it leaves them free to defeat the opposition by the weight of their own principles. They have in fact continued their attacks on the Confessional Community both by propaganda and by actual molestation. Reichbishop Müller himself clings to his post, and is making desperate efforts to stop the rot among his supporters, who are deserting him in ever-growing numbers. The odds are heavy against him—unless, indeed, we are to credit the suggestion that, if he holds on till after the Saar plebiscite, he will recover the support of the Führer, who will then start a new offensive against the Catholics. But for the moment this is bare rumour. Meanwhile, another significant assault on freedom of thought is reported by the *Times* correspondent in Berlin. The Kant Society, the principal philosophical association in Germany, with a large and eminent membership at home and abroad, is threatened, it seems, with dissolution or absorption into a general cultural organisation inspired by Nazi ideas. In other words—not Kant, but Rosenberg!

Mussolini's Corporate State

Signor Mussolini has launched his new Corporations with a great flourish of trumpets. This is by no means the first time we have been called upon to celebrate the advent of the Italian Corporative State; indeed, that remarkable institution seems to have not merely birthdays, but also actual births, at least once a year. What has happened this time is that Signor Mussolini, over and above the Ministry of Corporations and the separate organisations of employers and workers, which have existed for some years, has now created a full-dress Corporation for each industrial or professional group in Italian economic life. These new bodies are based on representation of the Fascist syndicates of employers and workers; but the representatives are carefully hand-picked under the influence of the Fascist Party, and there is clearly no intention of allowing the Corporations to become more than subordinate functional organs of the Party. They may, nevertheless, be important instruments for the execution of a restrictive "planned" economy policy under Fascist State control. They have been given wide functions, at least in a deliberative sense; but, until they actually get to work, it is impossible to say how far they are meant to have real powers of self government, or how far they are to be merely means of passing on the orders of the Party-State more effectively to the employers. It is fairly safe to conjecture that the workers' element will not have much say, for the Fascist Trade Unions, through which alone can they express themselves, seem to be still merely devices for keeping discipline, and in no sense real representative bodies.

"Company Unionism" in South Wales

The threatened stoppage in the South Wales coalfield raises an important point. The colliery at which the trouble has arisen is not itself affiliated to the Colliery Owners' Association, but it is, in fact, a subsidiary of two of the leading concerns in the Association. After the 1926 dispute, the workers at it became members of the Miners' Industrial Union, the rival "non-political" Union which the owners were then endeavouring to foster at the expense of the South Wales Miners' Federation. At the Taff-Merthyr colliery membership of the "non-political" Union was made a condition of employment, and contributions to the "Union" were compulsorily deducted from wages by the management. Recently, a number of the men joined the South Wales Miners' Federation, and were promptly dismissed. The management refused to meet the S.W.M.F. to discuss the matter until a strike of the entire coalfield was threatened. They have now agreed to meet the miners' representatives; but the system of deductions from wages, without which the rival Union could not exist for a moment, is still in force. Such a situation is, of course, familiar in the United States, where the "company union" is common. Here the attempt to coerce the men into being represented by a "Union" to which most of them have probably no desire to belong will be generally regarded as both unfair and unfortunate. The S.W.M.F. has declared its readiness to accept the result of a free ballot of the men as between the two Unions; but this offer has so far met with no response.

Ribbon Development

At the end of last week unusual prominence was given in the *Times* to a long letter signed by influential representatives of various motoring organisations, of road and housing interests and of the C.P.R.E. and Oxford and Cambridge Preservation Societies. The letter urged immediate Government action to stop ribbon development. Readers of signs and portents were encouraged to suspect a sequel, and sure enough it is now announced that the Government will introduce a Bill early in the new session. The decision comes none too soon, but is all the more welcome for that, and we will not look the gift-horse too closely in the mouth—at all events until fuller details about it are known. It appears that the Bill is to be a short, permissive measure, drawn on the model of the existing Surrey County Council's Act, under which the Council can acquire land on either side of a road, paying the owners a nominal rent until it is required for development. The Bill will also presumably enable local authorities to forbid fresh access to main roads; apparently nothing is to be done about securing the land values to the nation. The Bill is to be sponsored by the Minister of Transport, and since it is known that ribbon development is one of the most potent causes of road accidents we hope that its passage will be the prelude to a widespread effort by local authorities to get the figures of road slaughter down. But road slaughter is only one of the evils that flow directly from ribbon-development It is ugly, it is uneconomic, it is anti-social, and there will be general satisfaction—outside the housing racket—that at last powers are to be made available to check it. The next step will be to see that these powers are used.

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UNRELIEVED DEPRESSION

WHEN the Government's four Special Commissioners sallied forth to make their reports on conditions in the distressed and derelict areas it is to be presumed that they had already a pretty good idea of what they would discover. Everyone knew that in South Wales, in Cumberland, on the North-East Coast, and in the industrial belt of Scotland (to say nothing of other areas hardly less distressed) a large part of the working population had been unemployed almost continuously for years on end, and a great many mines and factories had been closed down, not a few without hope of ever re-opening.

Everyone knew that in these areas many of the local authorities were practically bankrupt, and were carrying on a desperate struggle to maintain essential services in face of the immense calls upon their dwindling sources of revenue for the provision of relief. In these places there was no money to spare for keeping houses in decent repair, for buying new boots or clothes when they were needed, or even for securing more than the barest sufficiency of food. The women were struggling heroically to keep their homes together; the men were wandering dismally round decaying streets with nothing to do; and for a large part of the children leaving school there was either no work at all or only work for a brief spell in blind-alley occupations.

What more do we know now, with the results of the Commissioners' labour before us? We know, for one thing, that the Government must admit the truth and gravity of these appalling conditions. Not one of their own Commissioners denies them, though the report on Scotland minimises their effects, and that on Cumberland recognises, correctly, that the sums doled out in benefit and relief go further, and are more effective in preventing misery, in such a "low-cost area" than in more densely industrialised districts. The reports on Durham and South Wales, on the other hand, present an appalling picture of destitution and suffering, not evenly spread over the whole of those areas, but largely concentrated at its worst in certain "pockets" of dereliction, to which the present industrial system holds out no hopes of recovery in any forseeable future.

What, then, have the Commissioners to offer us by way of remedy—for their task was to find remedies rather then merely to anatomise distress? They do not offer much. Indeed, there is something pathetic about the eagerness with which, after mentioning such minor alleviation as they can think of, they all take refuge in recommending settlement on the land. Manifestly, they believe that the expanding period of British industrialism is over, that the best that can be hoped for in the world market is the regaining of a part of what has been recently lost, that expansion in the home market may bring more prosperity to London and the South, but can never avail to restore the fallen fortunes of the older industrial districts, and that the best the "surplus population" of these depressed areas can do is to go back to the land, there to grow as far as possible produce for its own consumption.

"Back to the land"—not because the land offers to those who go back to it under these depressing circumstances a high standard of living, and not, despite some bold pretences, because more than a few people want to go back to the land if they see a chance of earning a living anywhere else. "Back to the land"—because they are not wanted any longer in industry or any other employment, and on the land they can at least hope just to live after the primitive fashion of their ancestors before science and enterprise launched the good ship "Division of Labour" with such high hopes for the world. "Back to the land"—because industry grows too mechanised to need them—as if agriculture, carried on in an economic way, were not being rapidly mechanised too, and did not offer, for the near future, still more opportunities of mechanisation. It may be desirable for Great Britain, in face of the decline in her exports and in her income from shipping and foreign investment, to grow more food as part of a policy for raising the standard of living among her people. But have we really come to such a pass as to encourage inefficient agriculture in order to provide employment? Some of the Government's Commissioners come very near that, however stoutly they may deny the charge. This is not to deny that, as long as men are left workless in the distressed areas, it is far better to give them work in growing food for themselves than none at all. But, excellent as some of the food-growing schemes now in existence are as palliatives, it needs to be recognised that they are definitely palliatives, and not remedies.

But, after all, what else were these Commissioners to do? They were sent out to report with a "free hand"—subject to the implied reservation (clearly implicit in the choice of persons) that they must recommend nothing against the capitalist system, or even against the Government's general policy. Within these limitations, the problem set them was incapable of solution. The Government is against Public Works, except where they can be shown to pay. The Commissioners are against Public Works too, dismissing them as purely "short run" measures offering expensive alleviation but no remedy. The Government is against State control of industry; so the Commissioners can make only the most hesitant suggestions for securing that new and expanding industries shall be planted in the areas which need them most (though on this point Captain Wallace does go a good deal further than his colleagues). The Government exists to safeguard capitalism, and not to replace it.

What the Reports do recommend, beyond land settlement, comes to very little. They are all for transferring as many of the surplus population as possible to areas where the surplus is at any rate smaller and less noticeable. Most of them want special development trusts, or similar bodies, set up on an area basis to help the growth of new small industries—while admitting that these can make only a small contribution to the solution of the problem. Some of them want special grants in relief of excessive rates to be made to the distressed areas, on a considerably greater scale than the small grants now being made. There are proposals for a State aircraft factory (armaments being apparently the one industry that can be relied on to expand) in South Wales; for clearing away the lumber of derelict industrialism in such places as Jarrow; and for improving dock and harbour accommodation in Cumberland, in order to facilitate the export of coal and gypsum. These projects, and a few more like them, at least offer some prospect of increased employment. It is not pretended that they come within striking distance of the main part of the problem.

Even if the suggestions for inducing new enterprises to settle in the distressed areas were more adequate, they could, in the nature of the case, offer no solution. For the problem is not that there is too much employment and production in the South of England, and too little in the North and in Wales and Scotland. There is too little production and employment everywhere, though the situation is worse in some places than in others. That is why neither transfer of workers out of the distressed areas nor transfer of industries into them goes to the root of the matter. What is needed is more total production —a higher standard of living for us all, and as much employment, reasonably shared, as is necessary to secure that higher standard of living.

But this Socialist way of regarding the problem is, of course, right off the map as far as the present Government and its Commissioners are concerned. Something of course the Government must do, in response to the clamour of well-intentioned people who find its apathy intolerable; but it will do as little as it dares. It is going to provide some money—a niggardly £2,000,000 to start with. There will be more later; how much more remains to be seen. From Mr. Chamberlain's cautious words in the House on Wednesday, we may expect future grants to be on the same petty scale. Two Commissioners, with the necessary staffs, are appointed, and they are given a discretion which is called wide, but is in fact narrow. Their principal powers will be to acquire land and sell or transfer it to local authorities or other public bodies; to form "amenity trusts" to tidy up ugly spots here and there; to develop agricultural holdings and occupational centres; to arrange for labour transference; to recommend suitable works such as the Tyne Tunnel scheme, for financial assistance. The programme is ludicrously—or tragically—inadequate. And yet what more can Mr. MacDonald and his friends be expected to do without denying the first premises of their political and economic faith? For more than this we shall have to await a Government that is prepared to face the root absurdity of starvation amid the means of plenty, and to create a new economic system on the postulate that over-production is impossible, short of the full satisfaction of the consumers' needs.

STALIN-WELLS CONTINUED

By Bernard Shaw

ORDER, gentlemen: order, please. Remember your international manners!

When I was asked by the editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to make a comment on the report of the interview between Wells and Stalin, I fully understood that he was not asking me to "attack" Wells. It was a public occasion: in fact a European occasion; for both men have an eminence which takes a meeting between them quite out of the atmosphere of mere domestic rows and idiosyncratic touchinesses.

Just contemplate the situation for a moment. Here is Russia solving all the problems which we are helplessly trying to buy off with doles, to frighten off with armaments, and to charm away by prayers for a revival of trade. In the course of solving them political discoveries in applied political science of the most thrilling interest and vital importance have been made. Let me cite the two greatest.

First, the Russian statesmen have discovered that in a really free country—that is to say a country which belongs to its people and in which any group of public spirited and able men can organise any public service they like without running to Parliament for Private Bills or paying monstrous sums to landlords and lawyers—the response to this freedom is so far greater than could have been conceived without practical demonstration that Russia has been able to effect social transformations in ten years that under our system would take a hundred, if indeed the mere proposal of them had not involved immediate seclusion in a mental hospital for their advocates. It is this revelation of reserves of organising and administrative ability in the masses which has impressed Stalin so deeply with the indispensability of "the people" as a political force. Lord Passfield, *ci-devant* Sidney Webb, probably the most scientific investigator of industrial democracy now living, put his finger on this discovery at once, and will presently tell us all about it.

The second discovery is of how, under the same conditions, a constitution takes shape, growing from-the-ground-up out of political chaos. In a recent preface I have shown how Communism produces neither a crude dictatorship nor an equally crude Committee of Public Safety blindly and desperately working the guillotine until the executioner goes on strike through exhaustion, but a self-dedicated democratic priesthood organising a democratic Church Militant and an Inquisition held together by a common faith and by vows of poverty and chastity. To put it in Wellsian terms, it produces the Samurai desiderated by Mr. Wells at a time when Liberals and Radicals were still stupefying themselves with amorphous dreams of government of the people for the people by the people. Russia has produced government of the people for the people by men and women who care sufficiently about the condition of the people to devote themselves to the work for its own sake through a hierarchy democratic at its base and voluntary all through. She has realised Mr. Wells's dream and taken it out of dreamland into reality for all the world to copy.

Now take Stalin himself. He is "neither duke nor peer," not a king, not a chancellor, not a dictator, not a Prime Minister, not an archbishop, not entitled to salutes enforced by youths in coloured shirts, but simply secretary of the supreme controlling organ of the hierarchy, subject to dismissal at five minutes' notice if he does not give satisfaction. This position he has attained through the survival of the fittest, and has held through years of the most appalling vicissitudes that ever attended the birth pangs of a new civilisation. He is a statesman of unique experience, compared to whom the rulers of the western Powers, hanging on to an automatic and evil system with an equipment of empty phrases, fictitious histories, and obsolete routines, seem like rows of rickety figures in a worn-out waxworks. The privilege of an interview with Stalin is an honour and an opportunity of which the most eminent social philosopher might well be proud.

This privilege was accorded to Wells, very deservedly. And what use did our H. G. make of it? He trotted into the Kremlin and said, in effect, "Mr. Stalin, you are a second rate person with your second rate head stuffed with a piece of nonsense called the Class War, which my friends in the P.E.N. Club would not listen to for a moment. Now listen to me whilst I explain to you the vast possibilities of The World of William Clissold, etc., etc., etc."

I ask H.G. whether he is going to leave it like that. It is useless for him to protest in all sincerity that it was not like that, that he never meant it like that, and that I am all the liars and snobs and slanderers he can lay his eloquent pen to. For this paraphrase of mine is precisely what the interview came to, and how it will appear to everyone who reads it except H. G. Wells. That is how it must appear to Stalin; for Stalin, though he has shown that he recognises Wells as a man of genius, and has paid him the highest compliment in his power, cannot be expected to know what we all know in England: namely, that H.G. is just like Karl Marx in refusing to tolerate the existence of any other pebble on the beach. Wells can disarm criticism at home by fully admitting his own foibles and making us laugh at them and think none the worse of him; but this is an occasion on which British intimacy cannot be depended on; and, frankly, he

had better apologise to Stalin and take it out of me to his heart's content.

The moment is one at which it is time to give a strong lead in the English language to the common diplomatic decency of treating Stalin with the most distinguished consideration. If there is anyone in the Foreign Office with two-penn'orth of foresight and any grip of the Eastern situation the next tour of the Prince of Wales will be through the U.S.S.R. The Prince will know how to behave himself, whatever his private opinions may be. Lord Lothian and Lord and Lady Astor, to say nothing of myself, behaved ourselves irreproachably; we treated Stalin as we would have treated a friendly Emperor; and he played his part beautifully. Wells should have left the modest irresponsibilities of Atlas House behind him when he was visiting Atlas.

I repeat my appeal to him to make it clear by a final word that he really appreciates the magnitudes represented to-day by the words Russia and Stalin.

As to Maynard Keynes, I admit that he made me laugh by calling Stalin a gramophone. Stalin will not mind: we are all gramophones when it comes to the multiplication table; and Mr. Keynes well knows what shocking old gramophones our universities are, with their worn out and obsolete records. But as to this stuff about my not being "scientific" (a word now used in the personal sense mostly by pugilists) it will not go down with me. The Scientific Man Made Perfect is he who comes out right every time, no matter what his methods are. He does not exist and never will. Failing him, the most scientific man is he who comes out right oftenest.

A LONDON DIARY

If Sir John Simon makes a few more speeches like the one I listened to on the Arms Traffic debate last week, I shall begin to fear the triumph of the Labour Party at the next election. (I say "fear" because the Labour Party is obviously not ready for office and another unsuccessful Labour Government would give us reaction in this country for goodness knows how long.) Mr. Richard Law, in a brief but beautifully phrased rebuke to the Foreign Secretary, pointed out that each of Sir John's oratorical triumphs meant a slump in National Government stock. Mr. Baldwin did his best to retrieve the situation by talking of the practical steps that the Government is going to take to encourage international control of the arms traffic, but he could not answer Major Attlee's, nor Dr. Addison's, facts and he could not persuade anyone after Sir John's speech that the Government really meant to do anything practical. But the Government (and the *Times* now) are thoroughly rattled by the strength of public feeling about the Arms Trade and Mr. MacDonald returned to the subject in his speech at Southampton. By using all his advocate's skill to defend private manufacture of arms and at the same time to attack all pacifists, the League of Nations Union and the Peace Ballot Committee, Sir John has united against the National Government an immense body of opinion, including a very large proportion of the organised religious bodies in this country. I was amused to hear that after Sir John's speech, Dean Inge, who, as far as I can gather, has never before shown much interest in the League of Nations Union, sent a contribution of £5 for the expenses of the peace ballot!

* * *

It was said of Sir John Simon during the Manchurian debates at Geneva that he treated the Covenant as a lawyer with a bad case might treat a contract that he wanted to crawl out of. I never properly appreciated the force of this remark until I heard his speech on the Arms Traffic, nor do I think any Minister of the Crown has ever laid himself open to so naked an exposure as Sir John did by his attack on *Headway*. He denounced the League of Nations Union for making party propaganda against the Government and read out a passage from *Headway* in which the writer urged that the Labour Party's policy was the true road to peace. This sounded bad. But what was the House to think of Sir John when it was explained by Sir Archibald Sinclair and other speakers that the passage in question occurred in a signed article by Professor Noel Baker, who had been asked to expound the policy of the Labour Party in a series to which well-known Conservatives and Liberals also contributed? On top of this Sir John had the effrontery to spend something like five minutes denouncing the Union of Democratic Control for dishonesty because of a mistaken word on the first page of its pamphlet, *The Secret International*. The point has been explained by me and other people on several occasions. Since Sir John likes it, I must do it again. The charges against private manufacture of arms mentioned by the League Sub-Committee of 1921 were not "*conclusions*" reached by the Sub-Committee. They were a list, compiled by the Sub-Committee, of the "grave objections" to private manufacture referred to in Article 8 of the Covenant. It was because charges of this kind were known to be justified that a committee was set up to consider the problem of abolishing private manufacture. They were the assumptions on which the Sub-Committee worked and have been accepted as truisms by the Powers in all subsequent discussions on private manufacture. I do not think anyone has ever disputed their truth. If I had not watched Sir John at work for a long time I should have thought it impossible for any Secretary of State to exert himself on a public occasion denouncing an unimportant error without referring to the substance of the pamphlet, which, I believe, has never been successfully impugned in any particular. But as I listened to Sir John, it seemed to me that he had forgotten that he was a Secretary of State; he spoke as if he were counsel briefed for the armament firms.

* * *

A seadrome is a floating island intended for refuelling aeroplanes. According to the *Times* Aeronautical Correspondent its soundness as a piece of marine engineering is established. As now projected, it is 1,500 feet long, rises 103 feet above the water, and is supported by cylinders on ballast tanks 208 feet below the surface, which keep it steady whatever the violence of the waves. The cost of such seadromes would be a million pounds apiece, and it is suggested that they should be placed on ocean air-routes at intervals of 450 miles. French rights in the invention have already been bought, and negotiations for the British rights are apparently now in progress. The possible importance of this invention is obvious. The imperialist will see in it merely a way of establishing all-red air-routes to any point in the Empire. But the use of this invention is likely to raise very delicate international questions. The *Times* correspondent does not mention the possible military uses of seadromes; but surely these floating, but steady, islands could be used for guns as well as for bombers? I foresee that the placing of such floating fortresses in key positions may become an important part of the armament policy of the chief naval powers. Theoretically any country has the right to moor a seadrome anywhere outside territorial waters, but evidently if a foreign Power, say Japan, established one in the neighbourhood of Singapore or Honolulu, the British or U.S. Government would regard it as a hostile act. The distance from a port at which the existence of a foreign seadrome constitutes a menace is a question which must lead to the most perilous type of negotiation between the powers concerned. The importanc of establishing international control for all seadromes seems obvious, and the difficulty of doing this will be greatly increased as soon as any Powers have established seadromes of their own. The British Government could perform a most valuable service to the cause of peace by immediately advocating this policy.

* * *

In common, I believe, with many other people, I possess one faculty that astonishes me. How is it that I can wake myself up at a particular time in the morning by the simple process of telling myself just before going to sleep that I shall wake at that time? After years in which I had no practice in

this art, I managed it again last week with perfect success. I had arranged with the telephone operator to call me at 6.30 to catch an early train. But I did not trust the telephone service—though I am told I might have done so with complete confidence—and I also instructed my subconscious to wake me. When I woke my watch said 6.32. One minute later the 'phone bell rang. I do not know which was correct—the operator, my watch or my subconscious. But, whichever it was, how did my subconscious come to make so good a guess? By what process does it tick off the minutes from the time I go to bed, though I may not even have noticed at all exactly when that is? If it was only a question of waking me after a period of so many hours, it would be slightly easier to understand, because one does learn unconsciously to notice how many hours go by. But it's not that. My subconscious knows the time—winter or summer—while I'm asleep and I cannot imagine how it manages it. CRITIC

CALLING DOUMERGUE'S BLUFF

Ce que redoutent les représentants dignes de ce nom . . . c'est la honte de délibérer sous la double menace du renvoi *et de l'émeute*.—M. Herriot's letter of resignation.

SELDOM, if ever, has a foreign situation been more completely misunderstood by the British press, or deliberately misinterpreted, than the political crisis in France which ended last Friday in the resignation of M. Doumergue's National Government. With only one or two notable exceptions, all the British papers told the story of how the grand old man had fallen the victim of wily and selfish politicians who, because they were afraid that their jobs would be less cushy in future, did not hesitate to turn out the one man who had made up his mind to make France safe for Democracy. What he proposed was that the President might, on the Premier's recommendation, dissolve the Chamber without the previous consent of the Senate (except during the first year after the election, when the Senate's approval would still be necessary). Rather than agree to this amendment of the Constitution, the deputies—so the story went—preferred to bring down the Doumergue Government at the risk of plunging France into a civil war. The fall of Doumergue, we were told, would be a disaster.

It is true that the instability of governments is one of the weaknesses of the French parliamentary system. But when we are told that the Radicals were wrong to throw out Doumergue, it is hard to agree. The truth is that if Doumergue had behaved as a Premier presiding over a wide government coalition normally should behave, he would have obtained from the Radicals everything, or almost everything, he wanted.

Doumergue presided over the widest coalition government that France has had since the war, and his system consisted in hurling ultimatums at the Ministers who did not agree with him. Realising the weakness of the Radicals after February 6th, and especially after the Socialists had turned their backs on them, he thought that he could bully them into anything. During the first six months the Radicals meekly agreed to everything that Doumergue demanded from them; they passed unpopular financial legislation which they would not otherwise have passed; they did it—so they said—in the name of the "party truce"; and every time they showed the slightest resistance he threatened to return to Tournefeuille—and when he said so, he clearly implied that the Croix de Feu and the Jeunesses Patriotes would be set loose on the deputies like a pack of hounds. Completely disregarding the "party truce," the press of the Right conducted for months the most vicious campaign against the Radicals and against Chautemps, even though he belonged, as leader of the Radical parliamentary group, to the Government majority. They accused him of being a crook and a murderer. It was he, they said, who had engineered the murder of Prince. When Herriot complained to Doumergue of these press campaigns, some of which were more or less directly inspired by Tardieu, Doumergue would shrug his shoulders, and say that it was all very sad, but that he could do nothing about it.

On July 18th Tardieu decided to go the whole hog. Giving evidence before the Stavisky Committee he attacked not only Chautemps, whom he virtually declared to be a forger, but the whole Radical Party. The fun, he said, was only beginning; just you wait and see! This time he went rather too far, and the Radicals objected. He had violated the "party truce," they said, and Doumergue ought to expel him from the Government. Doumergue, who was at Tournefeuille at the time, returned to Paris, but instead of turning out Tardieu, he presented the Cabinet with an ultimatum: either you all stay as you are, or I shall go home, and you can take the consequences. Again the Radicals had visions of a Fascist coup; again they realised that they had no majority in Parliament, and they "swallowed their pride," as Herriot afterwards said at Nantes. Far from being too weak—which was Doumergue's constant complaint—the Premier was much too strong. He blackmailed Parliament with the prospect of anti-parliamentary riots; and so effective was this weapon in his hands that it is hardly surprising that he should have done nothing to disband, or even to disarm, the Croix de Feu and the other heroes of February 6th. They were the biggest trump up his sleeve.

As time went on Doumergue's co-operation with Tardieu became closer and closer; and, after studying Tardieu's suggestions on constitutional reform, he gave a summary of them in his broadcast talk in September, and declared that he would ask the National Assembly to vote these proposals. He thereupon presented Tardieu's set of proposals to the Radicals, and said: "Take it or leave it. And if you leave it, I'll go back to Tournefeuille, and you can face the music"—meaning the Fascist music that would come from the Place de la Concorde. Much as they disliked Doumergue's way of talking to them, the Radicals put their heads together and examined the proposals. They liked some, and disliked others, but, in the name of the "party truce," they were willing to accept nearly all of them. The only point which they could not accept right away was the dissolution proposal; the Senate had declared itself definitely hostile to it and, after all, the Senate was entitled to some consideration.

Even on this occasion Herriot and the other Radical Ministers were as conciliatory as they could possibly be. Although the Radical militants at the Radical Congress at Nantes were openly hostile to Doumergue (there were even some cries of "A bas Doumergue"), Herriot obtained their permission to negotiate a compromise with the Premier. But, egged on by Tardieu, Doumergue again declared in substance that he was not there to argue with Radicals; they must accept his condition or face the consequences of his departure.

And then, on Saturday, November 3rd, he made another of his wireless broadcasts. Feeling that the Radicals were unwilling to surrender completely, and that certain other members of the Cabinet were not entirely out of sympathy with them, he felt for his trump card. He appealed to "public opinion" to support him against the "political intriguers"—and incidentally slipped in an appropriate phrase about ex-servicemen and other good patriots. The "political intriguers" were none other than his own cabinet ministers who had "agreed to differ," and the ex-servicemen were, of course, the Right-wing extremists, not the pacifist ex-soldiers who had the bad taste to belong to Socialist and Communist and Radical organisations. Needless to say, all these broadcast talks were delivered without the consent, or even the knowledge, of Doumergue's cabinet colleagues.

It is a wonder that the long-suffering Radicals did not resign immediately after this broadcast talk. But this time, at least, they became convinced that the man in the street was beginning to see through M. Doumergue's little game. M. Flandin also saw clearly what had happened, and proceeded to take the necessary precautions. In a speech at Arras on November 4th he laid the foundations for the new Government. Yet, even after the broadcast, the Radicals made several other attempts to preserve the "party truce"; for they were still rather

frightened; but Doumergue would not even listen to them.

The Government finally resigned on the Friday; on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Doumergue's friends still hoped to intimidate the Radicals. While they were discussing new compromise proposals to submit to Doumergue, the adjoining Lobbies swarmed with all sorts of persons spreading rumours of imminent street rioting. There was one person who said that he knew for certain that the ex-servicemen were "simply itching" to come out into the Place de la Concorde. Not without some fear and trembling the Radicals finally decided that, come what may, they would call the bluff. Doumergue resigned in a rage, and—nothing happened.

So great was his rage that in a statement to the press he actually declared that he had been turned out of office by the very men who were "responsible for the death of unarmed ex-servicemen in the Place de la Concorde on February 6th." Fortunately, this deliberate provocation had no effect; for it was now too late. The Radicals had called the bluff.

Doumergue has now been proclaimed a hero by the Fascists, and Tardieu, and Henri de Kerillis, who spends the millions of the National Propaganda Centre on incendiary posters. In his articles in the *Echo de Paris* he foams with rage, because Conservatives like Marin and Mandel have agreed to lend Flandin their support. He "cannot understand." "Is it simply because of Germany?" he asks. "We've heard that song before!" A phrase worthy of the grand ex-serviceman that Kerillis claims to be.

Now that the Doumergue bluff has been called, these fellows are mad with rage. How dangerous they may become in future is still difficult to say; but M. Marin, who is a decent old democratic Conservative, and M. Flandin, who has apparently no intention of continuing Doumergue's game of bluff, had better keep an eye on them, and take a few precautions.

Perhaps the fundamental trouble about Doumergue was that this mediocre man should have suddenly been proclaimed the saviour of France. It went to his head. Yet his sudden rise to fame was largely accidental. If only Poincaré had been well enough to come to Paris last February, things would have turned out differently. He had always a respect for Parliament; he had a sneaking affection for the Radicals; he had often warned France not to tamper with her constitution, and thought that changes in procedure were quite sufficient to improve the work of Parliament; above all, he would have behaved like a democratic Premier; he would not have hurled ultimatums at his Ministers, and would certainly never have appealed to reactionary ex-servicemen over the heads of Parliament and of his own cabinet. Thanks to their sound democratic instinct most people in France received the news of Doumergue's fall with indifference and even with a feeling of relief.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, November 13th.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. O. A. Oeser.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The trouble with Mr. Lloyd George is that in Earl Haig he met a gentleman, and, being rather at sea, he has had recourse to blacken and besmirch our late C.-in-C.'s reputation.—*St. Andrews Citizen.*

The Hon. Mrs. J. C. C. Davidson presided last night at Claridge's at the Young Britons' dinner. . . . Among those who took parties to the ball were: Mr. F. A. Szarrasy . . . Mrs. Albert Van der Bergh . . . Mrs. George Eumorfopoulos . . . Sir Julien Cahn . . . Mr. E. H. Q. Henriques . . . Mrs. William Behrens. . . Dr. Henry Dreyfus . . . Mrs. Mocatta . . . Mrs. George Calvocoressi . . . Mrs. Herman Lebus . . . and Mme. Paul Dubonnet.—*Times.*

Capt. Evans, who supported the Sedition Bill, defined liberty in this way: "Liberty, as my friends and I understand it, is to have a drink when we want it; to go to the movies if we can afford the time and the money; to play a game of golf if time affords; and to have half-a-crown on the Tote if we feel so inclined." (Tory cheers).—From *News Chronicle* report of Parliamentary debate on Betting Bill.

Why should your correspondent imitate suburban snobocracy by naming his house at all? If he uses a number instead of a name he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the Duke of York, the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a host of other notable people do the same.—*Sunday Express.*

Your love was deep and passionate?

She half-closed her eyes as she replied: "Quite so."—Cross-examination in Fire trial reported in *News-Chronicle.*

Mr. J. W. Dunne, the scientific author, claims to have found proof of immortality by mathematical formulae.—*Daily Telegraph.*

If I were an orthodox minister of the gospel of peace, I should take as a text for my sermon on Armistice Day the 15th to the 18th verses of the 6th chapter of Corinthians ii. If I were asked my reason for so doing, I should say that it was because I believed that Lord Beaverbrook had founded his doctrine of splendid isolation upon them.

[Verse 17—Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you.]—Letter in Scottish *Daily Express.*

SCREEN MORALS

As I came out of the cinema in a happy state of mind after seeing Mr. Harold Lloyd in *The Catspaw*, I began to wonder whether I had not been heedlessly enjoying one of the most immoral films now being shown in London. In the first place, the film made me heart and soul on the side of a dictator, and, in the second place, as I watched it, I felt an unholy joy in the spectacle of a number of prisoners being subjected to an extreme form of mental torture in order to extract confessions from them. How I had joined in the laughter as the gigantic Chinese executioner came in among the prisoners and began to sharpen his enormous sword on the grindstone! How pleasant had seemed the anguish of the prisoners as they goggled at the sword and passed their hands uneasily across their throats, having lost confidence in their first theory that the whole thing was a bluff! How enjoyable were their trembling terrors when their leader was taken out of the room and brought back apparently beheaded! Not for a moment had I been outraged by the tortures to which these unfortunate criminals were being subjected. I should have asked nothing better than that the tortures should be prolonged. And I was not the only person present who felt such enthusiasm. As I moved out of the theatre I heard a woman say: "I don't think I ever enjoyed a film so much in my life." She had a gentle face and a sweet voice, but, like me, she was cheerfully on the side of torture.

Why we enjoy *The Catspaw* so much, I think, must be that it is the farcical fulfilment of a wish-dream common to nearly all of us. Most of us, I imagine, have at one time or another felt a longing to be dictators, if only for a day, and to be able to compel the world to be more like what we want it to be. The processes of change are normally slow, and there are all kinds of nuisances and abominations which we should like to be able to end at a blow. What is the sense, we ask ourselves, of taking years and years to bring about a small improvement when any honest man with dictatorial powers could manage the business in five minutes? How long it took, for example, to put an end to the slow torture of birds in order that women might decorate themselves with the feathers! It took years of agitation, unless I am mistaken, even to prevent shipowners from overloading their ships to such a point as to endanger the lives of their crews. One cannot help fancying oneself at times as a benevolent dictator, suppressing devilishness right and left as quickly as Verity took the Australian wickets at Lord's after the rain.

All of us, I suppose, desire to suppress something. I have never met a reasonable man, however ardent a believer in freedom, who was not in some part of his nature an enthusiastic advocate of suppression. The instinct to suppress is the mark of a well-meaning man. Well-meaning churchmen once believed in suppressing heretics: to-day, many well-meaning heretics believe in suppressing Churchmen. Professor Julian Huxley has recently told us that, if he were dictator, though he would not actually suppress the Churches, he would suppress a good deal of their organised propaganda. Other people dream of suppressing public-houses; Sir John Gilmour dreams of suppressing lotteries; Sir Oswald Mosley dreams of suppressing Communism, and many people who can hardly bring themselves to believe in suppressing anything at all, believe in suppressing the Fascism of Sir Oswald Mosley. I myself am instinctively a strong suppressionist. When I think of the way in which haddocks are ruined by the chemical methods now employed in curing them, I would gladly be a dictator in order to be able to suppress any fishmonger who sold a haddock that had not been cured in the old patient way. I should also like to have dictatorial powers over restaurants and hotels, suppressing all managers who served indifferent food and who employed cooks who did not even know how to boil a potato or cabbage. I should like to suppress that vile concoction that is so often brought to one when one asks for coffee. I should like to suppress nearly all contemporary butter.

The selfish motorist again is a fellow that would be quickly cleared off the roads if I were dictator. I should issue a decree, moreover, that, if a motorist killed anybody, he would lose his licence, unless he could clearly establish his innocence. In other words, I should regard him as guilty until he was proved innocent, holding that it is his business to explain the presence of the corpse if he can. The worst thing about being a dictator, I am afraid, would be that one would not know when to stop suppressing things. What a temptation, for instance, it would be, when sitting through an ordinary film, to have the power to send word round to the management to take the thing off immediately and substitute something that was not an affront to the intelligence! It would be very tempting, too, if one had supreme power, to send one's police round to cocktail parties to disperse the guests either to their homes or to the normal atmosphere of the public-house. What a paradise the world would be, if only one could suppress enough things! One's dream of dictatorship is essentially a dream of creating this paradise.

Unfortunately, it is very difficult to trust anybody except oneself to be at once a wise and a benevolent dictator. We can believe in such a dictator on the films, but Mr. Harold Lloyd, as he cleanses an American city of graft and gangsterdom, is the only dictator in the world to-day in whom one can feel the slightest confidence. This, I suppose, is because he belongs to the dream-world, and not to the world of reality, and it is only in the dream-world that dictatorship is as morally satisfying as it is masterful.

As for the use of mental torture in order to persuade wicked men to confess their crimes, is this, too, part of the pattern of our wish-dreams? The use of a certain amount of torture to extract confessions or recantations has in many ages made a strong appeal to human nature. Many excellent men have approved of it; and the Church did not shrink from it as a means of saving souls. It is possible that the Phoenix Park murderers would never have been convicted if the police had not used methods that might be described as mental torture, persuading Carey to confess by pretending that other prisoners had already "split" on him and that he could save his neck only by adding his own confession to theirs. Opinions differ widely as to whether this was legitimate; but, if we accept it as legitimate, it is not easy to know where to draw the line in wringing confessions from men by such methods. The case for the third degree and all such forms of torture is that the police know for certain that the prisoners are guilty and that the bullying of human monsters is absolutely necessary in order to prove their guilt and defend society against their criminal activities in the future. The end is held to justify the means. After all, it is not only the police who use methods of this kind. Some time ago, Lord Mottistone, as brave and chivalrous a man as any now living, shocked many people by telling how during the Boer war he once threatened to shoot a Boer boy unless he gave him information. The boy refused to speak, and, of course, Lord Mottistone did not shoot him; but the boy had undoubtedly been subjected to torture. Those who believe that this torture was justifiable for military ends must, it seems to me, be equally ready to defend the use of the third degree against prisoners known to be guilty.

The objection to the use of torture—or, if you prefer to call it so, terrorism—in order to wring confessions from the guilty is, I fancy, much the same as the objection to dictatorship. It works out satisfactorily only in the dream-world, not in the world of reality. The police, being human, are fallible, and therefore liable occasionally to be convinced of the guilt of perfectly innocent persons. If torture were permitted in prisons, we may be sure that the innocent would not escape it. Apart from this, centuries of torture have left most intelligent men convinced that torture is highly unsatisfactory as a method of dragging out the truth. If the history of torture could be written in full, how long a roll there would be of innocent men and women who were compelled to utter lies in order to end their sufferings! When we add to this the fact that the torturer himself often grows to love torture for its own sake, we are driven to the conclusion that human nature is not good enough to be allowed to practice torture.

And yet, I confess, I enjoyed every minute of the terrors and sufferings of those crooks and gangsters in *The Catspaw*. I felt not the slightest objection to such men being given a good fright. Is it that the audience in the cinema was of the mood of the admirable Tertullian, who regarded the sufferings of the damned in Hell as a thoroughly enjoyable spectacle for angels? In cinema comedies we seem constantly to be enjoying the mental agonies of blackmailers and kidnappers as they twitter with terror. Possibly the explanation of our pleasure is that we get rid of some of our sadism in real life by indulging it farcically on the screen. One thing is beyond dispute. We are all—or nearly all—sadists on the screen. At least, I am.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE STALIN-WELLS TALK

SIR,—May I, as one of the "unobtrusive young" to whom Mr. H. G. Wells refers in his reply to Mr. Shaw, offer my comments on this fascinating (Wells calls it dreary) issue of the class war?

The first thing which strikes one with startling suddenness on reading Mr. Wells's conception of Socialism is its considerable similarity to the Socialism of two other thinkers, who profess distaste for the Marxist conception of class war. I refer to Goebbels and Hitler, whose co-operation with the Ruhr capitalists leads them to refer to this type of society as a specifically "German Socialism," analogous to Mr. Wells's "Anglo-Saxon Socialism." It would, of course, be as unfair to classify Mr. Wells with them, in any other respect, as with Al Capone; but his failure to understand the issue is as great as their conscious misinterpretation of it.

In his statement that Stalin's class war propaganda has not kept pace with the facts, Mr. Wells reveals himself as the incorrigible Panglossian optimist. He overlooks that the facts have kept pace with the propaganda. Like Pangloss, who considered everything to be for the best ("mentality changes," says Wells to Stalin), he ridicules the class war as a nineteenth-century survival even when it hits him a stinging blow in the face with the occurrence of every strike, shakes him violently by the shoulders in the recent sporadic civil war in the United States, and virtually annihilates him (or should do so) with the crescendo of attacks on the working class which we have seen in Germany, Austria, and Spain these last two years.

If Mr. Wells is still under the impression that there is no class

war and that only a little reasonable persuasion is necessary to convince the Clissolds of America and Europe, causing them to raise cheers and start working for Socialism, I make the following suggestion. Let him approach Thyssen, Schneider, the Mitsu family, Rockefeller, Ford, Beaverbrook, Rothermere, Lord Melchett and Lady Houston, point out in a quiet way the mistakes they have been making, explain that he (Wells) and Mr. Keynes are convinced that they have very little personal power and are, in any case, as competent as they are willing to run the world on planned Socialist lines, and suggest finally that they should cede their claims to private property in sources of production, abjure the acquisition of profits in favour of moderate salaries, renounce their rights either to employ or sack a single human being, and give way in the direction of industry to the first working man who shows superior intellectual and organising capacity.

Further, to such an obtuse dogmatist as Stalin, let him explain precisely why a planned society is the same as a Socialist society, taking care to make clear to the Georgian Marxist that the desire of the monopoly capitalist to plan production and restrict output is really the same as the Muscovite desire to plan the expansion of the output of goods for communal distribution. In case Stalin remains unconvinced, he should lay particular stress on the fundamental similarity of aim of the millionaire planner who wants to deflect as much labour as possible to the creation of parks, pleasure grounds and palaces, yachts, country houses and what not for himself, and the Socialist who wants to deflect every source of available labour into the destruction of profit-yielding slums, the feeding and clothing of the millions of poor, and the progressive raising of the standard of living of the many before the few.

If Mr. Wells is successful in these enterprises, I think I can guarantee that the Marxists will reverse their present position, calling themselves Liberal Utopians of the nineteenth century and him a scientific thinker.

Finally, Mr. Keynes's quaint conception of Communists and Socialists conducting revolutions against personal power and not class power might be overcome by reading Marx, just as his belief that Communism worsens " the economic situation " (for whom ?), whilst presumably capitalism improves it, could be put to rights by even a cursory examination of the figures for industrial productivity of the U.S.S.R. and any capitalist country within the last five years.

JOHN P. BARTER

8 Willow Road, N.W.3.

SIR,—The controversy in which our eminent intellectuals, Wells and Shaw and Keynes, perform their ballet to the discordant music of Stalin the " gramophone," is illuminating in more ways than one. Certainly it explains in some measure why idealistic youth, as Mr. Keynes says, turns towards the spiritual appeal of Communism even though the skilful debaters who teach them may be able to lay bare the flaws in its economics. These three are all in the tradition, much honoured—especially at Cambridge in my undergraduate days—that intellectual debate and scientific study were the royal road to progress and reform. The greatest admiration in that happy epoch was perhaps reserved for him whose mind was so keen and emotions so cool that he could take either side of a debate with equal persuasive skill. Mr. Shaw has told us that men grow wise in proportion as they live long and their passions die. Mr. Wells, whose own little boat still floats on the class war flood, tells the many who are struggling around him that their drowning is an illusion, since there are many brains able and willing to divert or dam the water; Mr. Keynes could solve our economic problems to-morrow and assures us that the dreaded capitalists are bewildered and repentant and only too willing to have someone put things right for them.

We may be only too willing to believe all this, since few can really enjoy the prospect of a revolution, but we cannot but ask how the millennium is to come about, seeing that every country in Western Europe in which Left opinions appeared to be gaining a majority by reason has been instantly engulfed by a revolution from the Right. There was, as Mr. Keynes says about present-day England, " no massive resistance to a new direction " in these countries; on the contrary the mass was desirous of something new. Why then did the reasonable and bewildered capitalists use torture and machine guns instead of asking Mr. Keynes to deal with the economic system ? Because, as Mr. Keynes again so truly sees with his mind, but perhaps not with his heart, they were opposing the growth of others' personal power and defending their own.

In England to-day no one has personal power. (Mr. Keynes's words and my italics). Have not the landlords personal power, the bankers, the heads of armament firms, the lawyers, the heads of the B.B.C. and the press ? Why cannot we adopt a new economic policy drawn up by Mr. Keynes to-morrow if nobody is exerting power to prevent it ? As an economist, Mr. Keynes must be well aware that, our values being what they are, the measure of every individual's power in our society is his bank balance or credit. The man who buys in small quantities and pays cash has less power than the man who can run monthly and quarterly accounts; the man who has capital for reserves and advertising can float his business more successfully than his poorer rival, and get elected on committees and to clubs; the man with money can more easily defend himself at law; an inherited income gives power to live and think in a heterodox way denied to the wage-earner; Mosley has more power than the Communist leaders, because with his financial backing he can hypnotise the State into giving him protection not accorded to his opponents.

Give people more money and they will have more power, has been the argument of the Trade Unionist. True up to a point, but not true beyond unless the richer people are given less. The money fetish would remain, and it is the money fetish that the Communist wants to destroy. It is the blindness of Western Socialists on this matter of principle or values that sends them down like ninepins before the Fascists when these steal the Communists' spiritual thunder.

In 1920, as an observer completely unversed in politics, I went to Russia and wrote an article (which no one would print) saying that the paradox of the Russian revolution was that its aim was primarily spiritual and secondarily economic, that the difference between Russia and Western Europe was that we believed we could grow into a humane and good life by means of material prosperity,while they held that beliefs about the relations of human beings should come first and the economic structure be built upon them. Mr. Wells—one of my intellectual leaders at that time—went to Russia the same year and amazed me by missing the whole point and writing frivolous articles about Karl Marx's Shagpat beard. I was inclined to believe the Russians right then and hold it proven now. People want laws and customs about property, relations of men to others as workers, of the individual to society, of men to women, parents to children, in which they can *believe*. Whether they call it the Gospel according to Marx or not is scarcely relevant. We do not believe in our society, but most of us with our fine academic training behind us are too sceptical to believe in any other.

One Cambridge philosopher at least used to say that the intellect was not the master but the servant of desires, and could find good reasons for every good or bad thing the individual wished to do. In other words, Mr. Shaw, passion plays its part in wisdom; and, Mr. Wells and Mr. Keynes, do you and the lesser ones among us like you really *want* a new society in which many privileges that we value will of necessity be swept away ? Or would you prefer it to remain, as it was for all of us before 1917, a matter of joyous academic debate ?

DORA RUSSELL

SIR,—I feel that the difficulties I have encountered in following Mr. Keynes's refutation of Marx and Mr. Shaw may be common to other of your readers, and that therefore if I explain them Mr. Keynes may be tempted to elucidate his argument.

His thesis, as I understand it, is that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Stalin are wrong because they have not read the newspapers since the death of Queen Victoria. Had they done so, they would have learned that the Giants of the Forest—the leaders in the City and the Captains of Industry—who had held power, had, in response to some natural law, passed away and, again in accordance with natural law, left their office boys to rule in their place. But though these office boys rule, they do not govern. Therefore in England there is no need for a revolution, for, as Mr. Wells has said, a revolution is only necessary against personal power.

Perhaps Mr. Keynes will explain. Does he mean that to-day there are fewer rich men than there were in 1870 ? Or does he mean though there are more rich men to-day they have less power ? The first supposition is disproved by statistics; the second runs contrary to his analogy, for in that case the Giant Trees would surely be even larger, but would be imperceptible owing to the wood.

The second part of the argument I confess I find even more bewildering. If, as Marx foretold, the small industrialist and the petty capitalist have been degraded into the salaried officials of the large capitalist combines, how does this refute Marx ?

I understand Mr. Keynes to reply that this is because the Giants of the Forest (transformed by natural law into Office Boys) have, owing to Time, the Civil Service, and the Joint Stock Companies, handed over their power to the Salariat. But why have they done this? Does not the Salariat work for those who pay its salary? And do not the Office Boys who sit, nasty little beasts, in mausoleums, pay those salaries?

I would have been right, so I understand Mr. Keynes to argue, to fight against the merchant princes of the past. But to-day it would be wrong to attempt to dethrone the lunatic Office Boys who rule in their place. So long as these Office Boys do not attempt to run the capitalist system themselves but employ instead a proportion of the middle class to do it for them, that is a normal and economic justification for the system.

I would, Sir, explain my difficulties at greater length did I not feel that perhaps Mr. Keynes is pulling our legs. This abandonment of scientific method and analytical argument in favour of folk myths, this glib talk of solving our economic problems with a stroke of the pen, are they not a subtle parody of the protagonists of the Corporate State? X. Y.

G. B. S. AND WILLIAM MORRIS

SIR,—From the letter by Beatrice O'Conor it might be inferred that the late Mr. William Morris had been an obscure worthy, whose opinions on life and affairs could be conjectured only from reminiscences such as those quoted by your correspondent from Mr. J. Bruce Glasier. Reminiscences by such delightful old back numbers as Mr. Bernard Shaw, who knew Morris with extreme intimacy, may, it appears, be regarded as unreliable.

We certainly live in a generation strangely ignorant of pre-war social history and controversies. At the opening of the Morris Memorial Hall, at Kelmscott, a few weeks ago, the only speakers who uttered anything relevant to the vital significance of Morris's personality were his daughter, his farmer-neighbour, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. As to the rest of the proceedings, as an old friend observed to me, if Morris had been there he would have wondered what it was all about.

Your correspondent is obviously the victim of a similar hebetude. No one with whom I have ever been acquainted knew his own mind more clearly, expressed it more trenchantly, or put it on record more definitely in articles, lectures and books, than did Morris.

He did freely express the opinion (or words to that effect) that idle capitalists are "damned thieves." Mr. Bruce Glasier's assurance that he was not a "Marxist" is hardly needed to instruct historians that as a Socialist he took up a line quite distinct from that of the S.D.F. or the Fabian Society. He expressed his own ideas, for his own satisfaction, in his romance, *News from Nowhere*. He was no more afflicted with "Marxophobia" than he was with Fabianophobia, and, like the rest of us, he reinforced his propaganda against the capitalist system with a great deal of Marx's thunder.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, who (also not being Marxists) have done the same, are, fortunately, still energetically fighting for Morris's aims of liberty and equality; but if Beatrice O'Conor will compare the Utopia of *News from Nowhere* with that of *The World of William Clissold*, she may possibly arrive at some faint apprehension of the absurdity of the propositions with which you have allowed her to encumber your valuable space.

OLIVIER

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett, writing of Wells, says he still clings to the ideal of leadership, apparently unaware that Wells has said: If men were meant to hang to leaders and rulers, they would have hooks instead of brains at the top of them.

Again, Mr. Garnett says "he clings to the vision of a world state directed by an order of Samurai. Surely there are too many orders of Samurai about already?" But this is to misunderstand --either through ignorance or intention—the idea attached by Wells to the term "Samurai," an idea which has most certainly not yet been realised. A beginning has definitely been made with the formation of The Open Conspiracy (H. G. Wells Society), a movement enthusiastically intent on putting into practice the ideas which Wells has consistently advocated throughout his sociological books, from *Anticipations* to *The Shape of Things to Come*.

Further, it is completely false reasoning to suggest that "If Mr. Wells's order is a minority party, it must shoot, torture and liquidate the opposition, and his Samurai will prove themselves another band of thugs, or protect themselves with a secret police, accountable to nobody." The nucleus of a world directorate which Wells sees in his Samurai would form an *open* conspiracy—that is one of its chief points—and would not attempt to assume control until its cosmopolitan ramifications made this course practicable. That it would have to meet opposition and persecution in the early stages is certain; but there could be no place for thuggery or secret police in the Open Conspiracy. V. H. PORTER

56 Elgin Mansions, W.9.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE

SIR,—The letter by Mr. Battams concerning my article on the Public Trustee raises a number of points on which I may perhaps be permitted to comment.

First, he suggests that the banks are prepared to carry on trustee business without profit in order to gain the indirect advantage of increasing their banking business. This might be a convincing reason when considered from the point of view of any one bank, but looked at from the point of view of the Big Five in the aggregate it is somewhat difficult to see what advantage all the five banks can derive from carrying on trustee business when, in any case, the banking business would fall into their hands. Moreover, I understand that many of the Insurance Companies now carry on Trustee Departments, and I do not see how this consideration can apply to them. Perhaps Mr. Battams would enlighten me on this point, as he says that I have misstated the case for the banks and insurance companies. I can assure him that any misstatement on my part was entirely unintentional.

The "unwarrantable insinuation" that the banks give trustee cases peremptory attention, which he accuses me of making in my article, is actually an inference which he has himself drawn from the facts. I merely stated that the Public Trustee is accustomed to expend an amount of work and time on small trusts which would be quite impossible were the office being run on ordinary commercial lines.

Mr. Battams thinks that I have underestimated the amount of business secured by the banks as compared with the Public Trustee. I frankly stated in my article that I was unable to obtain exact information on this point, but if Mr. Battams will provide the figures and they show that I am in error, I will readily withdraw my suggestion.

The next point which is made in the letter is that I am trying to have it both ways in asserting that, although the officers of the Public Trustee's department are as competent as most city financiers, nevertheless they have the advantage of an advisory committee which includes City men. I maintain that I can have it both ways. I suggest that the civil servants in the Public Trustee's office are fully competent to do their work, but if there be any superior advantages in the City point of view those advantages accrue to the Public Trustee by virtue of the Investment Advisory Committee.

The last paragraph of Mr. Battams' letter I regard as sheer ballyhoo and refrain from dealing with it.

7 Cromwell Place, S.W.7. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

ARMAMENTS

SIR,—In Sir John Simon's deplorable speech on Armaments there is one passage worth noticing. Major Attlee, discussing the many evils of the arms traffic, mentioned the private gains of manufacturers as one of them, and drew a parallel between those thus made and those made by the White Slave traffickers. To this, according to the *Times* report, Sir John replied that therefore "it would be proper" (on Major Attlee's principles) to provide for the lusts of men so long as you did not make a profit out if it. In symbols "A + B is bad. Therefore, take away B, and A is good." Or, "Decayed meat with prussic acid in it is poisonous. Take away the prussic acid, and the decayed meat is harmless."

It is hard to believe that Sir John himself was taken in by this logic; but he may have thought it the sort of thing to appeal to his Tory supporters. E. E. KELLETT

KING AND COUNTRY

SIR,—Will someone settle a point for me with reference to the Incitement to Disaffection Bill? The Bill is directed against those who would incite members of the Armed Forces to actions contrary to their oath of allegiance to the Crown. But surely

the allegiance of the Armed Forces is given to the people of England *through* the Crown, and not simply to the King? Since the Throne was presented by Parliament (that is, the people of England) to the House of Hanover, with various constitutional safeguards and Acts of Settlement, the command of the Armed Forces has surely only been vested in the King as nominal Commander-in-Chief on behalf of the people of England? If the question is obscure, the next Labour Administration could easily settle the matter by refusing to pass the Annual Army Act.

I ask this question, because it is obvious that those who brought forward the Incitement to Disaffection Bill aim at divorcing the members of the Armed Forces from the interests and aims of their own people, from whom they are recruited, in the hope that, as a purely mercenary force, their oath of allegiance to the Crown may be used to range them against the people of England, on the side of a Fascist minority. The effect of the Bill is pernicious in that it makes the symbols King and Country no longer synonymous.

St. Michael's Parsonage, New Washington. AUSTIN LEE, Clerk in Holy Orders

TRIALS IN GERMANY

SIR,—Reliable information has reached us that among the cases which will come on during the next few days before the People's Courts in Germany is that of Herr Liebermann. Your readers will remember that he was one of those who went to Holland to attend an international conference a few months ago and that he was arrested by the local Dutch authority who took him to the German frontier and handed him over to the German police. Considerable feeling was expressed in this country and elsewhere at the time. Herr Liebermann has been in confinement ever since and is now being charged with high treason, for which any penalty up to death may be inflicted.

A number of other cases are also coming on daily before the People's Courts, and we learn that in some instances a proper defence is not forthcoming owing to the inability of the prisoner to find the money to pay for it. May I appeal therefore on behalf of the Dimitroff Committee for such public support as will enable us to give assistance in some of the most urgent cases?

Dimitroff Committee, 11 Old Square, W.C.2. F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE

BELISHA BEACONS

SIR,—The following facts are fairly well established.

(1) Uncontrolled crossings for pedestrians have been a success in Paris.

(2) No life has been lost recently at such crossings in London.

(3) To some extent these crossings have slowed down traffic.

(4) One of the chief dangers on the road is the driver who dislikes slowing down.

(5) The motor trade turns out faster cars every year.

(6) The motor trade advertises hugely in the Press.

(7) The Belisha beacons have had a bad Press.

Inference: Many drivers and the motor trade dislike any regulations that will force cars to go more slowly or pull up more frequently.

Query: Would the Belisha beacons have had a better Press if newspapers were less disinclined to offend the motor trade?

King's School, Bruton, Somerset. C. H. TREMLETT

MATERNAL MORTALITY

SIR,—There has been much discussion of the fact that the maternal mortality rate remains almost stationary, and you assert your belief that malnutrition is one of the causes.

It appears probable that in a country with a falling birth rate a larger percentage of confinements is of first confinements. It is probable that the maternal mortality rate in first confinements is inevitably higher than that for subsequent births. Not all women capable of becoming pregnant are capable of giving birth normally. In the worst cases the women die in their first confinement or, if they survive, avoid running the risk again. Statistics of the relative number of first confinements to the total number of births seem called for, and further analysis might show that the maternal mortality rate has fallen considerably for mothers of large families.

Hilton, St. Ives, Hunts. DAVID GARNETT

SIR,—Miss Tuckwell calls attention in your last issue to the fact that the Maternal Mortality Conference may only discuss matters on which the Committee is in complete agreement.

The undersigned beg to suggest that the factor may be found which might reduce maternal deaths on which complete agreement has not yet been reached. These factors undoubtedly are:

(1) The inadequate provision for effective instruction in Birth Control by which a woman can ensure that only when she is fit will she bear a child ("fitness" of the mother was stressed by Lord Horder in his message to the meeting.) A resolution to this effect was passed towards the end of the meeting. (2) The part played by ignorant, often self-inflicted unclean, quack and illegal abortions, the most fruitful source of puerperal sepsis. A resolution to this effect was sent in to the Conference but not accepted.

We most seriously urge that maternal mortality will not decrease until these questions are in the forefront of any attempt to deal with the question.

F. W. S. BROWNE,
FRIDA LASKI,
BERTHA LORSIGNOL,
EDITH SUMMERSKILL

CO-OPERATION IN CHANGING ITALY

SIR,—It is disappointing for a serious institution like the Horace Plunkett Foundation, which holds no political views, to have an expensive and painstaking survey treated as a mere peg for propaganda in a thoughtful periodical like yours. But if your reviewer of *Co-operation in Changing Italy* wishes to do so, it is his affair, and yours. When, however, he misquotes the author for that purpose, I must appeal to your sense of justice for space to correct him.

Your reviewer writes: "This is what Mr. Walter sees happening in Fascist Italy. He describes the Co-operative movement in Italy: he sees it slowly making its way, undermining the Fascist structure. . . ." This is quite unwarrantable—I said nothing of the kind—and it is untrue. I wrote: "The national economic system is growing under radical influences; it will be Corporate in its structure; there is nothing to prevent it being Co-operative in its economics."

Again, your reviewer writes of me: "He holds that even the universally meddlesome 'totalitarian' state must finally restore independence to the Co-operative bodies." I wrote, on the contrary, that the state is not meddlesome, and described the Co-operative societies as "voluntary, autonomous and open economic associations in which (it is always insisted) capital is the servant and not the master."

Finally, but most unfairly of all, your reviewer writes of me: "He quotes Fascist leaders who attempt to quieten their misgivings by saying 'In politics we are Fascists, in economics Co-operators.'" Whereas what I wrote, after describing how the complete Co-operative life, in production, exchange and consumption, can be lived in Italy, was: "A member of an Undine society put it plainly and proudly, speaking of his Province: 'Economically, we are a Co-operative Commonwealth; politically, we are an integral part of the Fascist State.'"

You, Sir, I know, do not wish the emotion of anti-Fascism to become as dangerous to truth as anti-Bolshevism has been, or I should apologise for taking up so much of your valuable space.

10 Doughty Street, W.C.1. KARL WALTER

A. R. ORAGE

SIR,—Re your friendly reference to the passing of Mr. A. R. Orage, may I, as one of those who were privileged by his confidence to a very considerable degree state that, to me he rather suggested "Social Credit" as essential to any social equity and liberty? He would not have been surprised if the Conservatives dished the Socialists by initiating the scheme, but ever kept in sight what to Social Creditors is the vision of splendid social, personal development "Social Credit" offers. The Socialist State—the regimented order of society—was, I found, anathema to his freedom-loving self. It was to him "Abolish Poverty, before anything worth while could be attempted." Without control of Credit, all parliamentary action camouflaged the reality.

119 Auckland Hill, S.E.27. WILFRID PLATT

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT

SIR,—I noticed in your last issue in the column which appears under the signature "Critic," a quotation from parallel columns of the *Star*, in which was reported the killing of a fox by the Belvoir Hounds in a Rectory kitchen, and the conviction of three labourers

for cruelty to rabbits by coursing them. Your contributor "Critic" was puzzled by the fact that the rabbit coursing ended in fines for those concerned, while there was no legal action taken against the pursuers of the fox.

As the law stands, there is not reckoned to be cruelty in pursuing a wild animal that relies upon its strength and cunning to outwit its hunters, while it is legally cruel to pursue an animal without affording it a reasonable chance of escape. Actually the rabbit coursers had brought the rabbits with them in a sack, and they were no doubt terrified and perhaps even injured before the coursing commenced.

It is not generally known that this rabbit coursing has largely increased of late and is a by-product of greyhound racing. The greyhounds have to be sharpened up by catching something that they can get their teeth into, or otherwise many of them will not chase the electric hare with sufficient enthusiasm. It is easier to catch rabbits in nets and allow them to be coursed by greyhounds than to let the greyhounds find a wild hare and course it, though this is frequently done while the keeper's back is turned, but obviously the rabbit method is the easiest and quietest.

I do not attempt to argue that fox-hunting is innocent of cruelty to the quarry, but your contributor wondered what was the difference between the two sports, and I take the opportunity of pointing out that there is a difference, and an essential one, both in law and in the opportunity of escape for the hunted animal.

The Old Cottage, "SQUAREFACE"
Mickleham, Nr. Dorking, Surrey.

"THE FAULT OF THE DUTCH"

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a little misquotation in your editorial notes of last week? The "popular couplet"—

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much

though almost always so cited, is incorrect, in that the word *giving* should be *offering*. I have before me the original despatch of Canning to Sir Charles Bagot, our Minister at The Hague, dated January 31st, 1826, of which these are the opening lines. The superiority of the true version is emphasised, and all else relevant to this famous rhymed despatch is contained in the magistral paper on the subject read by the late Sir Harry Poland, K.C., before the Royal Historical Society on November 16th, 1905.

Foreign Office, S.W.1. STEPHEN GASELEE

A STALIN-WELLS PAMPHLET

SIR,—I hope you are going to publish in pamphlet, or other permanent form, the Shaw-Keynes-Wells discussion and the Stalin-Wells conversation. J. C.

[We hope to arrange to do so. An announcement will be made shortly.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

THE STATE AND THE THEATRE

I AM thinking of asking the Treasury to finance my next theatrical production. This is not unreasonable. If I keep my theatre dark, the State makes nothing out of me, but if I summon up enough courage and capital to put on a play, and that play fills the theatre every night, then the State makes about £250 a week out of us in Entertainment Tax, and afterwards slices off about a third of all our profits. If we lose our money, then of course the State has not been a partner in the gamble. If no theatrical gamblers could be found, if all the theatres in London were dark, the State would not only find itself with a dismal chief city, unattractive to visitors (who spend money and can be taxed), but would also lose a substantial revenue in Entertainment Tax. Yet not a penny of public money is spent on the Theatre. No good theatrical managers, fellows who have lost the last gamble, are handsomely pensioned off by a grateful Treasury. Even when at last—and the course seems inevitable—we find ourselves facing the Official Receiver we are not treated with any special tenderness. It all seems curiously one-sided.

Great fortunes have been made in the theatre. But not lately; not, in fact, for a long time. Since the war, only the State has consistently made money out of the theatre. Sooner or later, everybody else must crash. I have lately acquired the West End rights of a play that seems to me a work of genius, in its own way just as much a work of genius as any of the pictures so carefully housed and lit in our public galleries. When I can find the right theatre for this play I shall produce it there, and hope and hope that it will not take every penny of the necessarily modest sum I am prepared to lose on it. The State has no interest in this matter. It will, however, the moment people come in to see the play. It will take care that they are soundly taxed for their idiotic extravagance. Meanwhile, I am foolish enough to think that the production of a play of such merit is an act of public service, not without educational significance, probably more than equal to ten courses of woolly lectures on Modern Drama, Psychology, England and Ireland, the Age We Live In.

This is not the customary plea for the removal of the Entertainment Tax. If things are going well, the theatre and its patrons can afford to pay this tax. Most of the vast revenue it brings—nearly seven millions, I believe—is derived from mechanical entertainment. The business of keeping the tax on one form of amusement and removing it from another would be very bitter and complicated. I am for letting the tax stand. It is time, however, that the State regarded the theatre as something more than a fruitful source of revenue. You do not keep on milking a cow without feeding it. The State should return some of this revenue to its source, and that source is the serious theatre. This may seem strange, but let us take a concrete and topical example. There has lately appeared a film called *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which will soon be shown all over the country and will contribute to the State a small fortune in Entertainment Tax. The star of this film is Charles Laughton, who is a product of the serious theatre. The play on which it is based was a product of the serious theatre. It was one—and perhaps the most successful—of Sir Barry Jackson's enterprises. Now when the Treasury is gloriously looting *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* it might remember that Sir Barry Jackson says that he has lost money in the theatre.

I do not propose to define the serious theatre, beyond saying that it is the theatre run by sensible cultivated persons for other sensible cultivated persons. It is so much wider than the experimental theatre, which is chiefly run for the benefit of producers, who have a glorious time making groups of supers moan in unison in semi-darkness or reviving Shakespeare by giving all the characters green faces and setting them on a roundabout. It is, in fact, any theatre served with passion, intelligence, and integrity. And I believe it to be the basis of all dramatic entertainment, for the very Talkies could never have existed if they had not been fed by the skill and knowledge gained in the serious theatre. Now this theatre has to struggle for its very existence. It loses more money than it gains. Authors, actors, producers, backers are continually making self-sacrifices for it. They bring to it the money they earn elsewhere. In the provinces it has been dying for years. There are towns where Irving and Ellen Terry played that now have no regular theatre at all, are not visited even by humble No. 2 touring companies. It is true—so enduring is the passion for the theatre—that repertory theatres and civic theatres (professional, semi-professional and amateur) exist in most of the larger towns, especially in the industrial North, but hardly any of them can do more than merely exist, for ever appealing for more funds. Meanwhile the State does nothing for the theatre beyond taxing its patrons.

If I publish a novel, a certain amount of public money is spent on copies of that novel. If I write a play, only the Inland Revenue officials are interested. The fact that we have no fully subsidised National Theatre, governed by a solemn committee of academic big-wigs, does not disturb me in the least. That is not our English way. I am prepared to hand over most things to the State, but not our artistic enterprises. These

things are not Caesar's. There is, however, no reason why the State should not return a portion of what it takes from dramatic entertainment to what I believe to be the inspirational source of that entertainment, the serious theatre. We are entitled to a dividend on that enormous revenue. A dividend of a shilling in the pound would produce something like £350,000. An annual grant of anything like these dimensions would work miracles in the theatre. (It would also increase the revenue from Entertainment Tax.) A *Times* correspondent was complaining, the other day, because an English theatrical company, touring in South America, was of poor quality. It is a fact that, with a superb range of plays and players, we send either poor companies or none at all to represent the English Theatre abroad. This grant could soon put an end to this pitiful state of affairs. It could restore the theatre in the provinces. It could provide serious amateur dramatic societies with professional producers. It could help to finance interesting productions. It could provide the necessary financial backing to enable groups of young players, now trailing round the agents' offices here in London, to form themselves into touring companies for the smaller towns. It could give scholarships to young dramatists and producers of exceptional promise. It could do all this and more merely by returning to audiences a shilling for every pound it had taken out of their pockets. There would still be nineteen shillings left to spend on aeroplanes and battleships and the vast explorings of avenues.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

DELIUS AND SIBELIUS

AFTER a whole evening of a B.B.C. Symphony Concert, recently devoted, under Sir Thomas Beecham, to Delius's *Mass of Life*, we have now had a second memorial concert by the Royal Philharmonic Society, consisting entirely of choral and instrumental works by Delius. This has proved a bit too much even for Mr. Constant Lambert, who always tries hard to find as many good words to say about Delius as possible. I always read Mr. Lambert with the interest due not only to his exceptionally able pen, but with the special respect that must be paid to a musician's criticism of music, but his tolerance with regard to Delius astonishes me.

Sir Thomas Beecham's devotion to Delius is a different matter; he was a close personal friend for many years and although I do not suggest for a moment that Sir Thomas's admiration for his friend's music is not genuine, yet he has such a paradoxical nature that one would not be surprised even if he declared suddenly that the greatest composer who has ever lived was Dr. Pepusch. I believe that one of the reasons why Sir Thomas was so attracted to Delius is that Delius was a musician of considerable all-round culture and both his rationalism and freedom from English late-Victorian conventionality were particularly alluring in the last years of the nineteenth century to young musicians in England, who were almost suffocated by the cathedral organist atmosphere which oppressed English music. Delius himself declared when, under the influence of Nietzsche, he wrote the music to Zarathustra's words that he was writing a Mass for the Living, instead of a Mass for the Dead, as all composers had done in the past. Now this is one of those temporary "literary" ideas that seems very impressive to the general public, but which all artists receive with a proper degree of scepticism. The vitality which was in Nietzsche's writing I do not find at all in Delius's music, and I cannot think I am alone in preferring a Living Mass for the Dead, such as Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*, to a Dead Mass for the Living, such as Delius's *Messe des Lebens*.

And now, Mr. Percy Grainger, in his memories of Delius, as quoted by the *Daily Telegraph* last Saturday, describes Delius: "as caring nothing for Haydn or Beethoven, detesting Brahms," and as saying, "if a man tells me he likes Mozart, I know in advance he's a bad musician." None of this is very enlightening, for the simple reason that it is too all-embracing. To care nothing for the music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms seems to be more fitting to the nature of a politician than a musician. But we might pass it as the bravado utterance of a very young composer of great originality who had his own way to make. But there is no evidence that when Delius made this statement he was very young (on the contrary, he must have been already celebrated when he made it for a younger musician like Mr. Percy Grainger to have taken note of it!), nor does his music ever reveal great originality. Let us then accept it as a *boutade pour épater le bourgeois*, to which Delius through his long residence in France as an Anglo-German may have become inclined, and look to the next bit of information related by Mr. Grainger.

We are told that Delius "never varied in his admiration for Bach, Chopin, Wagner and Grieg." Now what does Mr. Constant Lambert, and what does Sir Thomas Beecham, think of that!! Every musician, every amateur of music, every musical critic even who reads that sentence will immediately recognise how fishy it is. To continue our Franco-Delius allusions, what is the name of Bach doing *dans cette galère*? But Chopin, Wagner, Grieg—these are all perfectly in order. Delius's spiritual home as a musician was undoubtedly with them—even although an apology may be due to Chopin. But not only his spiritual home; for, surely Delius's music on its material side represents the final dissolution of Wagner, Wagner carried to his last decadence. And is not this the reason for such popularity as it has? It is skin music, music to be absorbed not through the mind but through the pores of the skin, just as Wagner's is. When we go to a concert of Delius's music we sit for a couple of hours in a nice warm musical bath. This amorphous stream of agreeable sound pours over us and continues to pour without sensible alteration for as long as we remain in the concert-bath. Without serious alteration of temperature, with now and then a delicious crescendo and occasionally an accelerando, just to prevent us from becoming completely unconscious, it flows over us and takes away from us the desire to think or to criticise. That is evidently what it has done to Sir Thomas Beecham and that is what it has done to Mr. Ernest Newman, and is it surprising that music which should have put to sleep the critical razor-edged irritable intellect of Mr. Ernest Newman has achieved a vast reputation in this country?

The same musicians who are addicted to Delius are addicted to Sibelius, and it is true that their music, like their names, has something in common. I find Sibelius a more interesting composer than Delius, but my endeavour to become as enthusiastic about his music as his warmest admirers received another set-back at the recent first performance in London of his music for Shakespeare's *Tempest*. I wonder if among those who heard this music there were any who were startled to find that, after all, it was not so far-fetched to say that Sibelius was a neo-Grieg? I think most who heard this music would have to admit that there was more than a trace of Grieg in it and that, with the exception of the Prelude and perhaps one other piece, Grieg's music to *Peer Gynt* was superior in invention, in variety of expression and in originality. It is true that Sibelius's music to the *Tempest* is not Sibelius at his best, but the Prelude which depicts the storm which gives the title to Shakespeare's play has been enthusiastically praised by his admirers. Now to me this storm music is a mere piece of imitative virtuosity, it is merely a very good musical photograph of a storm, without any fantasy or superior invention. One has only to contrast it with the storm in Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony, or the storm in Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, to ascertain the difference between real musical imagination and that inferior kind of imitation which Richard Strauss has given us in the *Alpine Symphony* and Sibelius in this Prelude to *The Tempest*.

On the other hand, I would not deny fantasy to Sibelius altogether. In some of his works I think there is an active imagination present and certainly there is an individual utterance. But I think those qualities are also to be found in Grieg and in other minor composers, whom we do not rank among the greatest. The admirers of Delius and Sibelius scoff scornfully at Grieg, but what do they think of Delius's mention-

ing him with Wagner, before whom they all tremble with adoration! I believe that it is this Wagner-infatuation which has destroyed their wits and that until Wagner is seen clearly as a sort of major Grieg and a father Delius, we shall continue to have our musicians looking upon music in as one-eyed a fashion as Wagner's Wotan and sleeping in their musical baths as soundly as Fafner in his cave. W. J. TURNER

HISTORY: ON VIEWING A COLLECTION OF WEAPONS

LONG quest to kill the delicate body:
Shot with cannon and culverin;
Stabbed with bayonet, pierced with pike,
Pounded with iron and hooves: yet thin,
So thin, so thin, the delicate tissue,
Delicate tissue guarded with skin,
Touched to the quick with a prickle or pin.

A. TRENEER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Wise-Woman"

Miss Lesley Storm, with the pair of picturesque characters which she has created for *The Wise-Woman* at the Criterion, might have produced a far more interesting play if she had raised—and lowered—the curtain some three acts earlier than in fact she does. The sins and fatuities of Mayfair we can surely leave to Messrs. Cochran and Coward. But how did Madame Elspeth come to leave her Scottish gypsy encampment and develop into a fashionable, money-making clairvoyante? For that matter, how was it that the obviously at one time intelligent man who had the courage to marry her and train her for impolite Society, should become the whiskified cadger of half-crowns, whose twitching fingers hover so restlessly between the till and the decanter? These are not rhetorical questions, to discredit the present play's validity. Neither, in human life, is unanswerable, and together they suggest a rich evening's entertainment. Reluctantly we must tear ourselves away from speculation, and consider the plight of daughter Janet, hopelessly in love with one whom Elspeth's clients have already revealed to her as an utter cad, and a married cad at that. What to do? Madame's art is used to terrify the young man with a crystal vision of Janet's suicide when he has ceased, with characteristic rapidity, to care for her. All goes well, and Janet's bedroom hysterics on learning that she is not to be eloped with after all are silenced with a maternal slap which any producer worth his salt would extend to a good, sound spanking. Unfortunately, there is another act. The young man, for no reason, changes his mind, Janet boards the 'plane for Paris, and Elspeth, after a string of Romany curses, repents her life of chicanery and then repents her repentance. All this, of course, is preposterous, but the play is worth seeing for the sake of Mary Clare's humorous grandeur as the fortune-teller, and Hugh Wright's brilliant study of her decayed, alcoholic spouse. Both would have been better still in the other play.

"Much Ado About Nothing"

The Old Vic has succeeded startlingly with *Much Ado*. Miss Mary Newcombe makes a delightful Beatrice to Mr. Maurice Evans' Benedick. The Prince, Don John, Hero, Margaret, Ursula, Leonato, Conrade and Borachio are all good and the innovation of giving the women and the men dresses of different periods is justified charmingly in the result. Even the tempo of the difficult masked party scene is nearly right. The satire on the Watch goes home as well as can be expected considering that its butts have long been forgotten, and in Dogberry one recognised with glee a mixture of small farmer and contemporary village constable. The scene where the Watch, in green against a comic background of dark roofs, overhear Borachio relating his villainy, had an unexpected magic which was missed in the more conventional night-piece of homage to Hero's ghost. The Watch scene shows that the Old Vic has learned much from the staging and practice of ballet.

Leonato's idea of patching his quarrel with Claudio by making him marry a substitute for Hero is difficult for a modern audience to take seriously. It failed to get across because the danger of feud between the families was not emphasised: Leonato's concluding words, "and so dies my revenge," should colour the whole of his speech to Claudio and Claudio's submission should be dignified. Mr. Alan Webb was weak as Claudio, though his delivery is up to the high standard of the Old Vic. In the beginning of the play he seemed insufficiently interested in Hero, although the text shows that it was a marriage of sentiment and not merely of ambition, and in his scene with the old men one missed both the young man's troubled conscience and his irritation at the importunate behaviour of dotards. His comment to Benedick—"We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth" should be spoken in a ruffled tone. But the Old Vic is to be congratulated on a bold production which is justified by its success.

Erik Charell's "Caravan"

Caravan, now showing at the Curzon, has something but, it must be admitted, not very much of the gaiety and rhythmic grace that distinguished Erik Charell's most famous picture, *Congress Dances*. Sentiment and theme-songs are saccharine sweet. The action of the film takes place in an imaginary Hungarian paradise where frolicsome youths and maidens and jolly moustachioed old men seem to be perpetually gathering in the grape harvest to the music of gipsy fiddles. Charles Boyer is the vagabond violinist with whom the impulsive young noblewoman (Miss Loretta Young) contracts an off-handed alliance; Phillips Holmes, that accomplished and good looking young actor, the dashing lieutenant whom she eventually marries. None of the performers are at their happiest, though, in their different styles, they make the best of a bad job. Miss Louise Fazenda, a talented comedienne, is sadly wasted in the part of the lady's governess.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 16th—
- I. O. Evans on "The Life and Works of Upton Sinclair," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.15.
- Dr. John Rickman on "Criminality," Caxton Hall, Westminster, 8.30.

SATURDAY, November 17th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- Junior Academy Cinema, "The Break Up," 10 and 11.30.
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Griller Quartet, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, November 18th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Mystery of Cruelty," Conway Hall, 11.
- Max Pirani and others, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- D. Freeman on "War Changes in the Far East," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, 7.30.
- Basil Dean on "Why Should I Revolt," Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 8.

MONDAY, November 19th—
- Conference on Marriage Law Reform. Speeches by Robert Boothby, Lt.-Col. Sir Arnold Wilson and others, Millicent Fawcett Hall, Tufton Street, 4.30.
- London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Ding and Co.," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, November 20th—
- Amabel Williams-Ellis on "Writers and Readers in Russia," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Dr. Stella Churchill on "Health Certificates before Marriage," Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
- Public Demonstration in support of International Control of the Traffic in Arms and Suppression of Private Manufacture and Sale. Speeches by Pierre Cot, H. G. Wells, Megan Lloyd George, P. Noel Baker, and others, Queen's Hall, 8.
- Rev. Dr. Israel Mattuck on "Judaism," Morley College, 8.
- "Lac des Cygnes," Sadler's Wells.
- "Flowers of the Forest," Whitehall Theatre.
- Simmonds's Puppet Show, Grafton Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, November 21st—
- Lord Ponsonby on "Some Errors in the Educational System," Mary Ward Settlement, 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

THURSDAY, November 22nd—
- Lord Derwent on "Goya: A Bridge between Two Centuries," King's College, 5.30.
- J. Middleton Murry on "What's Wrong with Marxism," Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made great fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice; which is a mark of respectability. He never takes any pleasure; which is another mark of respectability. He is reserved and serious; which is another mark of respectability. His digestion is impaired which is highly respectable." Some kind of uneasiness can usually be detected behind Dickens's over-emphasis. In the example just given, Dickens's discomfort about his own respectability is obvious.

And by page 145 of *The Sentimental Journey, a Life of Charles Dickens*, by Hugh Kingsmill (Wishart, 10*s.* 6*d.*), such an inference from such a premiss has ceased to surprise, and the reader will accept it without making difficulties. The characters of an imaginative writer can nearly always be proved to be his "whipping-boys"—the phrase is Mr. Kingsmill's, and one has only to point out their cruelty, meanness, miserliness, to note their propensities to rape or murder, and to refer such desires back to their creator. If a character is noble and generous, the author is drawing a flattering portrait of himself, if the fellow was mean, it is because the author is unconsciously aware of the vice in himself. Once this principle of biographical analysis has been accepted, it becomes clear that the writer of fiction must be regarded as a specimen who has prepared himself for dissection—the characters in his books are flag-labels attached to his unconscious motives. Let us see how this method works out in practice:

The impulse behind it (Martin Chuzzlewit) was to purge the discomfort his false sentiment was beginning to cause him, but as the instinct to guard his emotions against criticism was far stronger than the impulse to purify them, he embodied his false sentiment in the unreal figure of Pecksniff, and thus expended the force of his attack on a puppet instead of on himself. . . . Dickens's uneasiness about his craving for money also sought relief in this novel, chiefly through Jonas Chuzzlewit. . . . While Dickens was writing the first half of Martin Chuzzlewit, Mrs. Dickens was carrying her fifth child and Mrs. Gamp doubtless came into being to soothe Dickens's nerves, frayed by his wife's incurable addiction to pregnancy. . . . Moddle is a caricature of Dickens's self-pity and desire to escape from life, as Pecksniff is of his false sentiment.

* * *

To many people such deductions will seem elementary examples of an intelligent method of approach in biography; to others they will seem worse than those of the witch-finder. In the sixteenth century, when the detection of witches was the principal object of psychological inquiry, suspected persons were thrown in water: if they floated they were deemed guilty, but they could prove their innocence by drowning. This honourable alternative is now denied. The defect of witch-finding as a sport was that one was never sure that the witch might not turn out to be a saint—as has happened in the case of Joan. Nowadays such mistakes can no longer occur; no one is innocent, and Little Nell, had she lived, would have been as monstrous a figure as her creator. There are, however, comparative degrees of "guilt," and since there is little doubt that Dickens was an hysterical man suffering from emotional maladjustment, with "a core of implacable self-love at the centre of his nature," Mr. Kingsmill's book has a good deal of truth in it. Dickens almost, though not completely, justifies his biographer's methods. The result is certainly brilliant and frequently witty. There are many scores off Mr. Chesterton "who champions Dickens with the easy and inspiring irrelevance of Serjeant Buzfuz pleading for Mrs. Bardell."

Chesterton, who is always trying to slip a red cap on Dickens's head, compares him with Wat Tyler. "The man," says Mr. Chesterton, "led a mob." No doubt—but towards the offices of his publishers, not towards the palace of a king.

One laughs—and then reflects that that is what all writers must do: to get a hearing they must sell their books. Yet there are many passages which show a real understanding:

The peculiarity of Dickens, ultimately traceable to his self-absorption, is that though intensely impressionable, he resisted the penetration of his nature by his impressions, which he got rid of as quickly as possible by translating them into words. His exact antithesis among writers is Wordsworth.

Mr. Kingsmill's book is so good indeed that one only sees its faults after reflection. The chief of these is that it is no more than a speech by the counsel for the prosecution. Everything that can possibly injure the accused is brought forward and distorted so as to appear in the most damaging light. Thus Bob Fagin was kind to Dickens in the blacking warehouse.

Wounded self-love has never shown a more perverse vindictiveness than when Dickens gave Fagin's name to a character who is not only the most repulsive in the long list of his villains, but whose special line of villainy, the corruption of the young, is an exact inversion of Bob Fagin's protective tenderness.

But defending counsel can make out a better case for its being an instance of artistic rectitude. Fagin's name is the *right* name and Dickens was bound to use it in the interests of art, at whatever cost to his personal feelings.

The extravagantly vain and over-dressed Mantalini, for example, is reduced to turning a mangle under a shower of abuse from his buxom shrew in order to expiate Dickens's adornment of his own person; and the pride Dickens took in the shape of his own calves, betrayed in Fanny Squeers's raptures over Nicholas, is paid for by Sim Tappertit for whom wooden legs and domestic tyranny replace the "twin invaders of domestic peace" in which he rejoices at the opening of the story.

* * *

Self-pity and self-love dominated Dickens from childhood to old age, and he could not even love his own characters.

One cannot infer from the fascination exercised over the reader by Swiveller, Jingle, or Lowten, that Dickens had any personal affection for the originals, such as one feels in Shakespeare for the originals of Falstaff, Dogberry and Master Silence, and even Bardolf and Aguecheek. Dickens's self-love imposed a barrier between himself and the outer world.

It is difficult to accept this. It seems to me that Dickens had an enormous, childish appetite for, and enjoyment of, life; that the spectacle of it delighted him and that he expresses genuine love for most of the characters in Pickwick. He had a boy's love for the persons who afforded him opportunities for horse-play. This love may have been unconscious, but it was genuine. The picture I would put forward is that of a street-arab bursting with mischief who, on the approach of a lady or gentleman, is always ready to break into a piteous whine, a trick which he knows will draw a penny. But he had a real love for the streets and the people in them, at whose expense he can raise a laugh. Mr. Kingsmill almost admits as much:

Dick is not as real as the great comic figures of Fielding and Smollett, but he is real enough to provide a solid foundation for the fantastic charm which Dickens gives him and which neither Fielding nor Smollett could give to their creations. Dickens's misfortune in living when the great Romantic movement was degenerating into Victorian sentimentalism was to some extent compensated by the glow of poetry in two or three of his comic characters.

* * *

The most unpleasing story which Mr. Kingsmill describes in his indictment was the extraordinary incident when Dickens gave a girl of seventeen in charge for using bad language on the streets. The victim who was returning with some youths from a funeral "expressed herself in the most audible manner" at Dickens's expense—having, Mr. Kingsmill suggests, "perhaps seen mischief glittering in his eye." She was fined ten shillings somewhat reluctantly by a magistrate on Dickens pressing the charge. It is difficult to read this without prejudice, particularly if one remembers the humanity of, let us say, Dr. Johnson.

To make Dickens's action typify his life, or the Victorian age, would be as false as to make Johnson's carrying a dying prostitute home upon his back, and having her nursed back to health "with all tenderness, at considerable expense," represent the eighteenth century. But it is just that falsification which it is hard to avoid. Victorian complacency irritates us, and there is no penalty attached to reviling it. Perhaps it is a consciousness of how far we have fallen short of what our grandparents and great-grandparents expected from us which is the psychological explanation of such books as Mr. Kingsmill's. Dickens is made a whipping boy. . . .

DAVID GARNETT

CHAMBERLAIN

Life of Joseph Chamberlain. By J. L. GARVIN. Volume III, 1895-1900. *Macmillan.* 21s.

When Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary in 1895 he found British imperial interests clashing with those of France, Russia, Germany, Japan and, less directly, America. "Splendid isolation" was no longer possible because other nations had entered into active competition for world markets and the control of raw materials. Thus foreign and colonial policy had become one, and even if Chamberlain had not been the ablest man in a Cabinet of able men he would have been forced by his position to play a leading part. As it was, he proved even more influential than Salisbury, who was both Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister.

Any of these imperial clashes might have led to war. It is instructive to see how we dealt with each. With the United States rivalry came to a head over the Venezuelan boundary dispute. It was tackled with intelligence and goodwill. Great Britain accepted the adverse verdict of a board of arbitration on which she was not represented. We gained prestige by just that kind of compliance which nationalists commonly call weakness. Peaceful settlement with Russia, which was threatening our position in China, and with France, which under the adventurous guidance of Monsieur Hanotaux was playing a hectic game of grab with us in Africa, seemed much less likely. Our generals raced about in East and West Africa to defeat French plans as bold as those of Dupleix in India in the previous century. We should probably have had war with France if Salisbury had not occasionally succeeded in holding his Colonial Minister in check. Chamberlain's letters, here printed for the first time, show him weighing one piece of territory against another, urging that we "ought not to yield a jot to threats," that this area was not worth much and was very large and that the French might therefore accept it instead of that area which was small, but strategically and economically useful. The game was to establish "rights" by planting a flag before the other fellow got there. A daring soldier like Willcocks went further and managed, on occasion, to turn the French out, even though they had got there first. In the case of Fashoda we seemed on the brink of war with France. It was then that the famous "leaders" appeared in the newly founded *Daily Mail*, saying that an entente was never possible with France, that she would be "rolled in mud and blood," and that "her colonies will be taken from her and given to Germany and Italy—we ourselves want nothing more"—a charming remark in view of subsequent history. In dealing with Germany Chamberlain was intent on peace; he bargained much more reasonably over territorial disputes, and would probably have brought off an Anglo-German entente had not the German Government felt sure that England and France could never compose their differences. Kruger looked to German friendship for security against England and hoped that Delagoa Bay, which all the powers assumed Portugal would give up sooner or later, would become German and not British. England, as Mr. Garvin points out, meant to exercise a treaty right of pre-emption:

> But that final enclosure and sealing up of the Transvaal within the British sphere German policy would do its utmost to defeat. It is idle, or else below our side of the argument, to separate the South African question from the wider forces of world policy already setting up the currents which gather volume and impetus and within two decades more were to sweep mankind into the Great War.

In a wide interpretation, then, Mr. Garvin shows that the South African war is an incident in the struggle for power between Great Britain and Germany. But it is for the light it throws on the immediate causes of the war that Mr. Garvin's vivid and well-documented narrative is most valuable. Kruger's part in it is easy to understand. His religious nationalism was of the type that leads to war. If he had been willing to treat the European settlers (who were in a majority over the Dutch burghers in the Transvaal) with ordinary courtesy, or to grant them those political rights which foreign capitalists expect to be given when they have established their economic power in a new country, war would, no doubt, have been avoided. It was the Jameson Raid that finally hardened his conviction that any concessions to Great Britain would be only the thin edge of the wedge leading to total loss of independence. Thus, at the final negotiations we find him making a response to an appeal to de Villiers:

> I am sworn to uphold the independence of my country and have the very best reasons for believing that Chamberlain and Milner are determined to rob me of that independence. . . . The demand for the franchise is but a pretence. . . . I am sorry that you think war can only end in the destruction of the Republic, but do you not believe that there is a power above greater even than that of England which will see that right and justice prevail? . . .

He was, as the event proved, willing to yield on the question of a franchise provided that he could secure a system of arbitration which would preclude the British from claiming suzerainty rights over the Transvaal in the future. To this Great Britain would never agree, and Kruger was, in fact, entirely right in seeing that the independence of the Transvaal was at stake. These people, he said, "want my country." They did. The only question between them was how soon and by what methods they would get it. Rhodes had made up his mind before Chamberlain came into office to use force to acquire the Transvaal. This decision stultified his past work, and was a betrayal of the Dutch, whose friendship he had won in the Cape. But he liked quick methods, even when they were piratical, and he saw in the onerous conditions imposed by Kruger on the settlers an excellent excuse for the use of force. He hoped for full co-operation from Chamberlain. He did not receive it. Mr. Garvin shows that Chamberlain and Rhodes were not hand in hand. Chamberlain disliked Rhodes and the South African Company. He wanted to make sure that it was the Empire and not only the South African Company that benefited from the conquest of the Transvaal. Chamberlain's interview with Rhodes in 1895 reads like the story of a big employer talking to a foreign agent who has become too big for his boots. Chamberlain was careful to assure Rhodes that there was no real difference in their objects and that the whole of South Africa must be British. But, as the bigger representative of capitalism with the interests of the negroes and of the whole Empire in his charge, he refused Rhodes's demand for the immediate and unconditional handing over of the Bechuanaland Protectorate to the South African Company. He did not know that Rhodes had definite plans for an invasion of the Transvaal. But he listened with interest and approbation to the story that the settlers in the Transvaal were likely to rise against the Boers. He agreed to station Jameson and the mounted police on the Transvaal border, and arranged with Sir Hercules Robinson for intervention in the event of a rising. He went farther. Mr. Garvin produces a series of letters in which we see Chamberlain more and more deeply

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implicated in as sordid an adventure as British imperial history can show. Sir Robert Meade, the Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, reports the arguments of Fairfield, an official of the Colonial Office, about the pros and cons of an immediate or postponed rising. Chamberlain replies that the rising should come " at once, or be postponed for a year or two at least. Can we ensure this ? "—and the correspondence continues in this strain, with the Colonial Office offering advice about the time for an insurrection—advice which is passed on to Rhodes's accomplices and from them to Johannesburg. In comparison with this correspondence the seven " missing " telegrams, which, withheld from the Jameson raid inquiry, are now printed for the first time, are unimportant. The important thing is that Chamberlain himself admits that the supposedly revolutionary settlers were actively encouraged by the advice sent by his officials with his written sanction. Actually, as it proved, the settlers were not ready to rise. A hitch provided an excuse for irresolution, and the whole project had petered out before Jameson began his mad attempt.

The reason for the failure of the Inquiry and for Harcourt's unexpected moderation in not pressing for a complete exposure was that the British Government in view of these letters from Chamberlain and his officials could not afford to be frank. The Colonial Office had not meant the Jameson raid, but it had committed the folly of encouraging a revolution in a friendly country and preparing for intervention when it came off. No wonder Chamberlain's conscience led him to pass an encomium on Rhodes as an honourable man, even after the inquiry which had condemned him as a party to a very dishonourable adventure.

The tragic part of the story is that after the raid the South African Company was allowed to continue. Chamberlain could have wound it up if he wished, but his own hands were not clean. From that time onwards Kruger had no doubt about our intentions or our duplicity. All the negotiations after Milner's arrival were slightly unreal. Kruger negotiated largely with an object of gaining time so that he might import guns from Germany, France and Great Britain. Milner reported almost as soon as he arrived that he despaired of any solution except through war. Kruger intended to retain his independence, Milner to deprive him of it. They both were willing to negotiate, but neither believed much in the negotiations. Chamberlain's position was only different in that he genuinely hoped for victory without war and in any case constantly had to remind Milner that Great Britain would not fight unless every effort appeared to have been made at a peaceful settlement. In the last months Chamberlain was in the position so familiar to students of the origin of wars in which the negotiators become increasingly unsure whether their real object in making proposals is to avoid a war or to put themselves in the right when the war comes. Such chances as there were of peace were thrown away, by Kruger, who on one occasion conceded much and then went back on his concessions, and by Milner, who broke off critical negotiations in a temper, as a result, he tells Chamberlain in a letter, of being himself tired out.

Mr. Garvin tells this story brilliantly and with a real effort at objectivity. He appears to me to be totally unfair to Sir William Butler, whom I personally regard as the sanest person in the whole story. But his character sketches and incidental remarks are usually wise and discerning. My complaint, such as it is, is not that Mr. Garvin has written an imperialist story from an imperialist angle, but that he has totally forgotten what the story is really about. The background of this book is gold and diamonds. He does not mention them.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

The Sun in Capricorn. By E. SACKVILLE WEST. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Irreconcilables. By BERNARD BRETT. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Change Partners. By SARAH SALT. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Stars Were Born. By BARBARA LUCAS. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No Man is Single. By STUART HAWKINS. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Many years ago Gide cast a highbrow halo over *l'acte gratuit*, suggesting that there is virtue in an act of violence provided it be done without motive and without gain and arises spontaneously from the unconscious mind. The outrages perpetrated by the league round which *The Sun In Capricorn* centres, ranging from practical jokes to murder, were not purely aimless, since the league desired " to undermine in every individual in every class the sense of security . . . to create the habit of living *in* the Present *for* the Present " ; but this object has the air of being retrospectively devised to cover actions arising from the hidden psychological needs of the members. These members were, in the league's earliest form of a small boys' secret society, Denzil Torrent (a character from *The Ruin*), the two Ginisty brothers, Hathaway, and Janko, a German. Denzil is valuable to the league because of his inventiveness ; but later at Eton he dissociates from it and veers towards other friends who represent the established order. He continues, however, to be attracted as well as repelled by crime and disruption, and this conflict is exploited by the sinister Luke Ginisty when they meet again after the war. Meanwhile, Denzil's sister Helen has married the other Ginisty and joined the league, and Hathaway has married Katherine, sister of Janko, now a landowner in Silesia. Janko is separated from his old comrades in mischief by both space and principle, but his influence on Denzil is insufficient to counteract Luke's. And now Denzil's quite different group of old school-friends (including Salathiel Cresset, of *Simpson*) begin to connect an outbreak of pointless crime with the continued existence of the league, though they do not suspect that it is international. Thus two camps are formed, with Denzil as the link. The action, though slow, is highly sensational, moving between England, the Hathaway's Provencal house and Janko's Schloss. Here is developed the theme of magic, brilliantly introduced in the Prologue when the little boys watch fireworks. The book ends in a clash between the league and Nazis and a welter of blood.

This abstract makes *The Sun In Capricorn* sound like a B.O.P. serial ; but no one who has read any of Mr. Sackville West's earlier books will need telling that, wild, fantastic and incredible as the structure is as a whole, it is far from being merely a " sensational " novel, although sensational it is in the strict sense intended by Keats in his famous exclamation. The author has poured into it that power of intense perception of the interacting moods of place and person which in another era would have made him a poet, and also his sensibility to mental climates and changing ideas, his knowledge of the English governing classes, his attachment to the symbolic (and possibly even to the actual ?) value of magic observance. He is a romantic, unselective writer, often telling us far more than is necessary for his aesthetic purpose, drugging the reader—to whom he gives small credit for intelligence—with repetitive scenes and superfluous conversations. These make *The Sun in Capricorn* stodgy in parts ; but it is a rich, fascinating book, one for the leisured, inquisitive and flexibly minded. Portrayal of persons is not the author's strong point ; we know Denzil, his cleverness, weakness and divided soul, but never believe in the sinister power of Luke ; nor is Katherine's charm conveyed. It is the feeling of rooms, the aspect of landscapes, that remain with us, and, most of all, the brilliant or endearing expression of sensations, as when Denzil at his preparatory school " would pass in a brisk dream after some violent form of exercise, feeling the cool satisfaction of legs secured in clean woollen stockings."

A close group within society is also the subject of *The Irreconcilables*, but a group not self-outlawed by crime, although a political crime is committed by one of its members. Were it not for their oddly amicable attitude towards the Blackshirts, one would call them Communists. The book is made up partly of often Joyceian monologues by Sasper, who is serving a life-sentence for assassinating the Minister for War, partly by narrative in the third person of the personal relations, theories and discussions of the group before and after that event. It cannot be said that the crime is accounted for, because Sasper's state of mind—why he leaves his quite harmless lower-middle-class home in Leeds and despairingly hides in London—is not made sufficiently clear. The striking merit of *The Irreconcilables* is the dialogue ; Mr. Brett knows exactly what Jessica and her parents would say, and conveys their very intonation ; and the same power is apparent in the fragments of his fellow-convicts' talk, which are interpolated into Sasper's monologues.

In *Change Partners*, dialogue plays a more important part ; but Miss Salt uses it carelessly, not distilling characteristic turns of thought or speech, so that all the remarks would do for several of the characters. They are, when alone with their reflections—in which situation we are shown Sybil, her husband's latest mistress Angela, Sybil's eighteen-year old daughter Audrey, and Audrey's school-friend Ursula—distinct, but not, alas, to the extent of becoming very interesting. These women constitute less than half of a large house-party given by Sybil and Victor, who are exponents of one of those " modern " marriages in which infidelity is faithfully revealed and a virtue made of selfishness and sensuality. Just when Audrey comes home from school in all her innocence

and idealism, bringing Ursula with her unfolding passionate nature, Sybil's patience is breaking under the long strain of jealousy. This is a situation fraught with potential poignancy, and there are moments when the reader feels that he is about to be made to feel for Audrey; but no sharp impression is made. The characters are conceived on a common-place plane, without sufficient partiality to give them universal significance. This would not matter—indeed, it would be irrelevant to remark on the fact—were it not that Miss Salt sometimes seems to share their own view of themselves as specially gifted, set apart from the "middle classes" by their intellectual view of life. This introduces a very uncomfortable falsity into the relation between reader and author; the former is harassed throughout the performance of nuptial lancers by his private opinion of this would-be intelligentsia differing so markedly from the opinion he is intended to hold. Miss Salt intends, and succeeds in showing, them as mistaken and foolish; the reader finds them flashy and dull.

Change Partners is a story of ordinary domestic life somewhat diluted by aestheticism; the same may be said of *Stars Were Born* and *No Man Is Single*. *Stars Were Born* is a delightful book. Its two heroines suffer from a father who is egotist as well as painter, and who has made a household drudge of their beautiful and talented mother. Their cranky interior is sketched with skill and agreeable malice:

> She [Mrs. Harcourt] then said tentatively, as if perhaps it was a peculiar idea at mealtime, "Shall we sit down now, everyone?" Domenica went on cleaning her 'cello and Francesco went on playing bagatelles and Michelangelo went on singing.

Miss Lucas contrives to maintain her sub-ironic detachment even when the two sisters suffer from unhappy love, while describing with tenderness the affection which binds them to each other. Thus far—as far, perhaps, as her experience goes, for the wrapper informs us that she wrote her novel at the age of twenty-one—*Stars Were Born* is a success, delicate, sincere and often penetrating. It declines in merit when Domenica, clinging with grim determination to her unrequited passion, plunges into prostitution in Paris, and with improbable ease finds a rich man at first to support and finally to marry her. There is some connection in the author's mind between her heroines' "huge shipwreck" and their acute consciousness of their mother's subjection to domesticity, but the connection is not made clear; and the shipwreck, anyway in the case of Domenica, seems to arise directly from her mistaken notion, common in intelligent adolescents, that it is distinguished to be unhappy. Petra's discontent in her apparently satisfactory marriage is a conclusion far more convincing than her sister's, and indeed is made painfully real. Miss Lucas is a writer on whom to keep an eye; she is ambitious, as what I have said indicates, but she is not in the least silly. Her minor portraits are firmly sketched: it was a fine touch to betray Helen's slight commonness by making her give the name "costume" to a coat and skirt.

The idea of *No Man Is Single* is that there was not one Aspen Trumbull, but three Aspen Trumbulls, according to whether you looked at him from the point of view of his father, a New York business man, his French cousin, who was his first love, or his wife, the warm-hearted artist's model. Mr. Hawkins does not contrive to make anyone of the three aspects vivid, and Aspen is far too literary in his outlook for us to believe in him as a good painter, but the book is quiet, cultivated and readable. E. B. C. JONES

THE ARAB REVOLT

Shifting Sands. By Major N. N. E. BRAY. *Unicorn Press*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are several people who think that the Arab revolt against the Turks in 1916 should have been led by Ibn Saud. The author of this book is one of them, but Ibn Saud himself was not one of them. To begin with, by the time the war started his territories were no longer under the influence of the Turks: he had expelled their garrisons from the Kasim province in 1906, and from the Hasa in 1913. There could have been no question of his rebelling against Turkey, and since he had no following in any part of Arabia outside his own dominions it would have been foolish of him to make war on her in the name of the Arabs as a whole. It is true that before the war the Syrian nationalists had vaguely considered him, among others, as a possible Arab leader against the Turks, but Syria, besides being full of troops during the war, was cut off from Nejd by Jebel Shammar, the inhabitants of which, led by the powerful Amir of Hail, Ibn Rashid, were bitterly antagonistic to

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Ibn Saud. To the north-east of his territories lay Irak and to the west lay the Hejaz, the inhabitants of both of which countries, remembering the excesses committed there by the Wahhabis a century earlier, regarded him with deep suspicion as the leader of an heretical sect and a menace to their religious and social liberty. He was thus encompassed on the west, north and east by Arabian enemies, all of whom could have commanded the support of Turkey. In these circumstances it is not surprising that he declined to throw in his lot with the Allies.

As soon as Turkey came into the war a Turkish mission was despatched from El Medina with the object of cultivating Ibn Saud's favour. He accepted the propitiatory gift of £10,000 which it brought, but refrained from committing himself to any promise of active support, regretting that as the British had already occupied Basra his position was a delicate one. Our own representatives also wooed him, and he handled their advances so astutely that he was able to secure from Great Britain a subsidy for adhering to the resolution, which he had already formed, of remaining neutral. If he ever had a faint impulse to join us actively it was negatived when his attack on Ibn Rashid at Jarab in January, 1915, met with failure. After that repulse he remained inactive throughout the war, with the exception of making another tentative movement against Hail in the late summer of 1918. Although his attitude was partly determined by material obstacles, he clearly recognised that his long-range and ambitious policy would be ill served by his joining unbelievers in their war on a Muslim power, and the fact of his abstention has been utilised as an important plank in his platform when seeking the support of Muslim public opinion for his later actions. There can be little doubt now that, partly by luck and partly by his extraordinary instinct for making the right move to secure ultimate success, Ibn Saud played his own game with consummate skill.

The Sherif Husein was in a somewhat different position, for he aimed at throwing off the oppressive Turkish yoke, and merely accepted the help of unbelievers in order to compass that end.

From our own point of view, if Husein and his sons were not likely to prove very inspiring leaders of a revolt, they were at the head of the most highly honoured family in the Muslim world, and the Hejaz was certainly the most favourable field for our purpose. Our main effort against Turkey was obviously best made from the direction where we already held valuable possessions and were obliged to maintain a large army to protect them—Egypt and the Suez Canal. After the evacuation of Gallipoli we had 250,000 men in Egypt, and moreover the Turks were attacking the country from the east and from the west. Ibn Saud, surrounded by enemies whom he must subdue before he could join hands with our Palestine army, was clearly in a far less advantageous position to help us than was the Sherif of Mecca, whose northern territories adjoined Egypt.

The author tells of his own connection with the Arab countries from the day in May 1913, when, his ship having, he says, " rent the carpet of the sea," he arrived at Beyrout, until the close of the war. For some months he was employed in various capacities with the Hejaz force, and he expresses strong disapproval of the strategy employed by its leaders. It was a small force composed of townsmen and peasants belonging to the Hejaz, Syria and Irak, who were anxious to do something to bring about the independence of their countries, and of a fluctuating crowd of Bedouin who were actuated by the lure of loot. There was never any possibility of the movement extending over the deserts of Arabia as a whole, though Major Bray seems to think there was, for the reason that a sufficiently potent incentive was absent. To exhort the Bedouin to fight for freedom when they were, and always had been, free was out of the question. The only motive which would have combined them in a general mobilisation would have been the promise of unrestricted looting in a war sanctioned by religion; but it would have been farcical to expect them with such a sanction to kill Muslim Turks—at the behest, or even with the help, of unbelievers.

At the opening of the revolt an attack was made on El Medina, but the Arabs ran away from the Turkish shell-fire, and stayed away. Had the Hejaz force laid siege to the city, garrisoned as it was by 10,000 Turks led by a resolute commander, it would have been tied to that object throughout the war. The place was defended by a double wall and a strong citadel; there was a well in nearly every house, and Ibn Rashid, backed by the Turks in Syria, would have found means to provision the garrison from time to time. In 1924–5 a large host of reckless Wahhabis failed to take El Medina by storm, although on that occasion it was weakly held by a handful of Sherifs and townsmen, entirely unaided from without.

It was decided to contain El Medina by means of a detachment, instead of employing the whole force in an endeavour to reduce it, and, by allowing the railway from Damascus to continue barely working, the garrison was induced to remain quietly in the city, instead of abandoning it in desperation and marching to reinforce the Turkish army in Palestine. This scheme was entirely successful, and thus the main Hejaz force was released for operations against the left flank of the Turkish main army. Such strategy might not be approved of by certain regular soldiers, but fortunately we had, in T. E. Lawrence, a man whose mind could embrace and weigh all the issues involved, and whose independent spirit, unhampered by the misgivings apt to be induced by a narrow training, could pursue the course of action best calculated to serve our ends in the peculiar circumstances.

Turning to Irak, the author over-estimates the influence of Colonel Leachman, a recklessly brave and very valuable officer. Leachman is remembered amongst the Arabs as a very overbearing and implacable man, and although, for no clear reason, the author seems desirous of exalting him above all other Englishmen employed with the Arabs, it is quite impossible that anyone who made use of his methods could have succeeded, amongst such a proud and independent-spirited race, in any higher field than intelligence and police work.

The book contains some good stories, and is interesting by reason of the light it throws on some of the less familiar aspects of the Arab revolt and persons connected with it, among the latter that erratic meddler Sir Mark Sykes, but on matters of greater moment it is extremely unreliable.

ELDON RUTTER

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It is not easy, when sitting in a comfortable chair in front of a fire, to write as objectively as one could wish about *The Works of Lenin*, eight volumes of which we have now published. Lenin wrote many of them in acute discomfort, often in cold and inhospitable places, and sometimes in a state of poverty equal to that in which Marx was forced to spend so much of his life. Not that he liked or welcomed physical ill-being any more than the next man: on the contrary, he devoted his life to spreading those truths whose ultimate realisation can alone make such evil impossible in the society of mankind.

He died in January, 1924, worn out by a life of hardship and by an amount of work no two ordinary men could have achieved in twice his years. He was the supreme strategist of a revolution which has for ever altered the course of history; and he has been and still is an inspiration to millions of people the world over.

Lenin blew from the eyes of the working-class (if not from those of Mr. H. G. Wells) that dust with which capitalist charity and the sanctity of capitalist enterprise had for more than a century liberally covered them. For that reason, as well as for his power of laying bare hypocrisy, Lenin's name is still a bogy to frighten the enemies of progress.

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FABER & FABER

Movement of the Revolutionary Epoch, Moscow, 1928. Polonsky himself was banned and disgraced under Stalin's censorship, R.A.P.P., for his unorthodoxy as a critic according to Louis Fischer, who, in an article in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, November 27th, 1932, wrote: "R.A.P.P. wished to destroy all that was not 'proletarian literature.' It certainly has plenty of destruction on its conscience. I think it may be blamed for the death of Vyacheslav Polonsky, the most talented and cultured of Soviet critics, whom it expelled from the editorship of *Novy Mir* and hounded, until, sick of heart and pained and worried by the injustice of R.A.P.P.'s attitude towards him, he became an easy prey to the typhus germ." This quotation ends Chapter XIV of *Artists in Uniform*, and Chapter XV is devoted to "The Revolution of April 23rd, 1932," when Stalin by decree had put an end to R.A.P.P.'s existence and deposed its high priest, Auerbach; also to a discussion of Stalin's reasons for his *volte face*. And here the modest reviewer must tread cautiously lest he be drawn into the political-literary fight between the Stalin-Fischer *v.* Trotsky-Eastman factions. According to Mr. Eastman, "Stalin called off R.A.P.P. because he deemed it, for the present, safe to do so. His honest Bolshevik critics were all jailed, muzzled, mum, or underground." According to Mr. Fischer, "the new policy was due directly to the disgust in highest quarters with the crude persecutions of the *poputchiks* by R.A.P.P. . . . and more and more complaints began to reach the Big Nine of the Communist *Politburo*, who, incidentally, are not as well or as quickly informed as they might be" (H'mn!). This, of course, is now ancient history, but Mr. Eastman's argument is that "so far from constituting a revolution or even a fundamental change in the relations between art and practical politics in the Soviet Union the decree of April 23rd merely emphasised the central feature of it, the arbitrary and absolute domination of creative effort, so far as that is humanly possible, by the inside clique in a bureaucratically organised political machine of power." But although Trotsky's attitude in *Literature and Revolution* is, no doubt, broader and more farseeing than that of Stalin's *At Your Post* group, the passage from Trotsky cited by Mr. Eastman might be used in support of the suppression of any and every piece of art or literature that clashed with the aims or ideas of "the inside clique." That is the fundamental issue between all autocracies or bureaucracies that suppress free speech and "control" literature and those ordinary men who wish not to be spoon-fed but to hear and know and express themselves so that light generally should be let in on aspects and facts about which the ruling cliques are keeping them in the dark. "If the revolution," says Trotsky, "has the right to destroy bridges and monuments whenever necessary, it will stop still less from laying its hand on any tendency in art, which, no matter how great its achievement in form, threatens to disintegrate the revolutionary environment," etc. On *any tendency in art*. Note that. The revolutionary Trotsky, turned policeman, indeed adds that "we ought to have a watchful revolutionary censorship and a broad and flexible policy in the field of art," and Stalin's "inside cliques" may adopt this formula and proclaim it, but the creative artist will cock his ear and keep his gaze fixed on the *Politburo* like a rabbit on the watch for the pouncing weasel. The proof of "the broad and flexible policy" is not in the discussions and declarations at the Literary Congress, where pleasant things are proclaimed to watchful and reassuring officials by the artists in uniform, but by what goes on behind the scenes, where the literary puddings are in the cooking.

When writers are no longer required to rewrite works by the *Politburo* or to produce novels that hymn the success of the Five Year Plan we shall have more hope for creative artists. Even the most guileless English reader must have found it hard to swallow the propaganda part of Pilnyak's *The Volga Flows into the Caspian Sea* with its absurd "wreckers'" ending. Chapter XI of *Artists in Uniform* is devoted to "Pilnyak's Humiliation" and "literary lynching at the hands of a mob instigated and egged on by the State power, a hounding and baiting and branding and pounding and menacing on the platform and in the press from one end of the Soviet Union to the other." The most sinister feature of dictatorial or *Politburo* rule is the cowardly dumbness it produces in both the masses and the individual. Mussolini decrees that children of six shall be enrolled in a military scheme and at eight they are no longer to play at it, but take militarism seriously, and in the "controlled" press the edict is treated as though it had fallen from Heaven. In Russia as early as 1924 we are told that the propagandist novel had fallen into such disrepute that the public would not touch it. Mr. Eastman quotes a statement by Meshcheriakov who represented the State publishing house: "An investigation has shown," he said, "that not one of the contemporary proletarian writers is in demand. We have tried to issue the productions of various proletarian writers—they are lying in our store rooms and we have to sell them literally by weight, for there is no demand for them. The work is a complete loss. That is what compelled us *to stop work along these lines*." But there are other lines open to a State publishing house along which authors who have to live may be discreetly guided, in directions desired by the official bureaux. Why not write a novel about the success of the Five Year Plan in the fishing industry, for example? It is badly needed, since (strictly between us) the State Fishing Industry, remodelled, has been an absolute washout. Accordingly Lidin, the author of *The Apostate*, supplies such a novel, and the result is poor stuff. And again the King Charles' Head of the Soviet officials, the "wrecker" motif with the wicked trawler villains, has not been kept out of it. Similarly, Madame Voinova, whose novel *Semi-Precious Stones* was banned by the Soviet Government, is given an opportunity to redeem her past position by writing a novel about the chemical industry, a novel which may surprise the workers concerned. As to rewriting books with an acceptable official moral, one would wager that Veresaev's *The Sisters* went through that salutary process. One is not, therefore, surprised to hear that at the recent Writers' Congress young Russian authors should have got up "and fought tooth and nail against any proposal to restrict their liberty." But authors propose and the *Politburo* and the State Publishing House dispose, and creative artists who run counter to official views, and whose tendency is "to disintegrate the revolutionary environment," up to now have kept their breath to cool their porridge. Mr. Eastman's book, though a polemical work, raises a corner of the Russian literary curtain firmly held down by the Communist party, and one anticipates that some uniformed gentlemen will shortly go gunning for him.

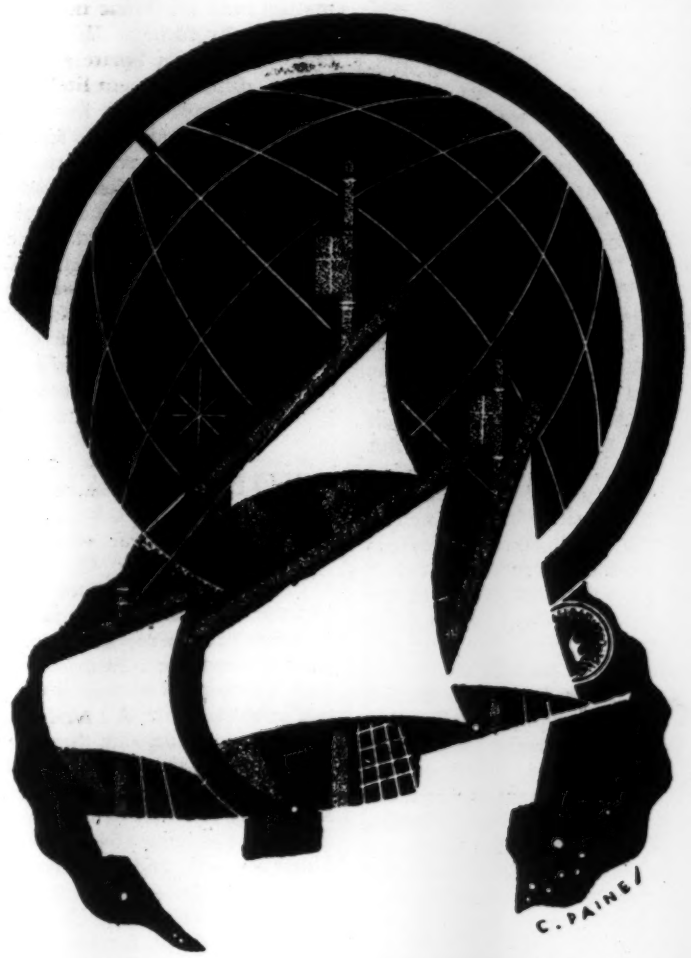
MR. TURNER'S BERLIOZ

Berlioz. By W. J. TURNER. *Dent*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Berlioz writes somewhere that the man of understanding can live day by day only with people who differ from him on most points that matter. We are reminded of this saying on every page of Mr. Turner's biography of Berlioz, for the fascination of it is only equalled by the provocation it arouses moment by moment. Mr. Turner seems to go out of his way to set us by the ears; it is not enough for him to claim for Berlioz a great place amongst composers; that is no original claim. He must needs also write Wagner down as a second-rater, a noisy vulgarian. Heavens, what *would* Mr. Turner have said of Wagner had the composer of the *Siegfried Idyll* asked for the use of four brass bands in one composition? Mr. Turner believes that Wagner lacked taste, and that he was a noisy ranter. He regards Berlioz as a composer of exceptional reticence and proportion. You can never be sure what Mr. Turner is going to say from one paragraph to another. No writer on music nowadays shares Mr. Turner's gusto, his fine downrightness, his humour, his independence; his contumely for all who differ from him; his disdain for those who will not bow down before the particular geniuses who command the devotion of Mr. Turner. It is something at the present time to find a music-critic in London who is not satisfied to rotate year by year with exquisite orderliness round the bright star of Mr. Ernest Newman. Mr. Turner is easily the most personal writer in music, the most bold and outrageously free and uninhibited, since J. F. Runciman.

He tells us the purpose of this book is to show Berlioz as the greatest creative force that has occurred in music since Beethoven. But that is Mr. Turner's modesty; not for him the expense of nearly 400 pages in which to express his enthusiasms. He does not argue his admiration of Berlioz; he knocks us down with it, and before we can pick ourselves up he is off and away to a violent chastisement of Wagner; he cannot keep Wagner out of his mind; this book is full of Wagner; either the "old rattlesnake" (as Nietzsche calls him) is there stalking the pages in person, or he lurks in the background, like one of his own leif-motifs, a fateful shadow, a baleful influence working ill towards the hero Berlioz. Mr. Turner rightly praises *Benvenuto Cellini* for its brilliant comedy. But he apparently cannot enjoy *Benvenuto Cellini* without letting us know at once that he thinks little of *Die Meistersinger*:—

> After a long acquaintance with this work, I have come definitely (sic) to the conclusion that it is a masterpiece of craftsmanship and not of



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THE NONESUCH PRESS, 16 GREAT JAMES STREET, LONDON, W.C.

genius. It seems to me that it possesses neither great nor beautiful conceptions, and completely lacks gaiety and spontaneity. Although its fine craft is not to be denied, it has neither sparkle nor depth.

There is almost a note of satisfaction in Mr. Turner's belittlement of *Die Meistersinger*. None of us, heaven knows, can see the greatness of all the manifold masterpieces; we are doomed by our limited sensibilities and modes of culture to miss much in art and in life. The sad thing is that we glory in our blindness, take pride in what we call the critical sense, and try to make debating points of our deprivations. It is nothing to Mr. Turner, apparently, that the whole world has for years basked in the sunshine of *Die Meistersinger*, mellowed in it, and found wisdom there, and the secret of reconciliation. Yet he rails at the "fatheads" who cannot rise to the genius of Berlioz. Mr. Turner's insistence on Wagner at every turn, his persistent detestation of him, is quite sadistic. Perhaps he feels in Wagner, for all the "vulgarity," a richness, a fully realised life, that deep down in him he knows is lacking in Berlioz. Anyhow, Berlioz himself might well ask Mr. Turner, in terms familiar enough, "But why drag in Wagner?"

Mr. Turner rises to his theme once he has got rid of his complex. His biography of Berlioz is the first full-scale affair in English, and it is comprehensive, reliable for the most part, and tremendously vital. Mr. Turner is a poet; he soon forgets his "case," his debating points. He makes for us a moving picture of the great spirit who achieved (if Mr. Turner will allow me to think so) his immortality out of frustration. One passage of Mr. Turner's will win the hearts even of the "fatheads"; he tells us that he has sometimes shed tears while transcribing letters of Berlioz for the purpose of this book. A musical critic capable of shedding tears is a phenomenon. But Mr. Turner is an artist long before he is a musical critic; his portrayal of Berlioz, based on the incomparable *Mémoires*, is literature as well as an act of devotion. Not by argument, not by controversy and the breakings of heads, does Mr. Turner come near to stating his brief for Berlioz—"the greatest creative force since Beethoven." He almost—but not quite—convinces us by feeling, and by the humane use of words that comes from love of his theme.

PROBLEM 13

THE ROUND TABLE

King Arthur and his Queen invited five Knights and their wives to dinner at the Round Table. At the dinner no husband sat next his wife, but each was separated from his wife by the same number of places. The Queen sat opposite to Lady Camomile, while Sir Bogus sat three places to the Queen's left. Sir Asphodel was three places to Lady Bogus's right. Lady Eggs was two places from the Queen. Lady Asphodel sat opposite to Lady Dachshund.

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The book will be—it already has been—criticised for its dogmatism, and for its contempt of all opposition. Pedantry is more than usually futile when applied to a book of such gusto as this one. There is a humour to be found in differences of opinion, if the differences spring from passionate enthusiasms. Mr. Turner is one of the few contemporary writers on music who never seems tired of his subject, never worn out by the routine of concerts, and never a slave to the fashionable reactions. He tells us little of Berlioz's music that many of us have not known man and boy since the days of Sir Charles Hallé in Manchester; he seems to have heard fewer performances than a student of Berlioz ought to have heard of the more hackneyed overtures of Berlioz. One, indeed, wonders whether Mr. Turner will find Berlioz as durable as Wagner after he has heard Berlioz as frequently as he has heard Wagner. But by rarer qualities than those of the musical critic's trade does Mr. Turner compel his readers' attention—by literary art, insight, and humour.

NEVILLE CARDUS

GEORGE LANSBURY'S ENGLAND

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This is a highly characteristic book. We all know our "G.L."; and there is passage after passage in this book of his which reads far more like the report of one of his speeches than like something written down for cold print. That is, indeed, its supreme merit, for by writing as he speaks George Lansbury manages to put into this book far more of his personality, which is the thing for which we love and value him, than he had put into his previous writings.

"I do not think," he says in his opening chapter, "I am a Pecksniffian Pharisee thanking God that I am not as other men. My life is like that of most men, full of mistakes but also full of downright striving after the right." Most people who know Mr. Lansbury will endorse that judgment. What endears him far above all other leaders to the Labour Movement of to-day is that, whatever mistakes he makes, everyone knows that he is fighting, and fighting hard, for an ideal of rightness and human happiness which dominates him to the exclusion of everything else.

His book is well-named, for it tells us not so much about the methods which he would follow in pursuing his ideal as about the sort of England he would like to see, and therefore about the motives and impulses which drive him forward in advocating this or that specific policy. More than any other book, this one probably represents the state of mind which turns ordinary decent people into Socialists. Mr. Lansbury knows from life-long experience and contact how poor people live, what most narrows and restricts their lives, and what they are "after," when they become active in political or Trade Union affairs. He sets down the aspirations which are the driving force behind every local Labour Party and Socialist society throughout the country—the aspirations that make thousands of people willing to go on working hard for the Socialist and Labour cause without any hope of personal reward. Strict Marxists may regard Mr. Lansbury as a sentimentalist, and say that most of the policies which he lays down in this book are very ill and unprecisely formulated. That may be perfectly true; and yet when it comes to the point, and some particular issue of policy has to be faced, Mr. Lansbury is far more likely to be in the right about it than a great many people who have worked out the details in a far more elaborate and scientific way. For these others are very liable in considering the means to lose sight of the ends which the means are intended to serve. But the great strength of George Lansbury as a political leader is that he never has lost his grasp of ends or his passionate desire to set the crooked straight.

In the eighteen chapters of this book Mr. Lansbury ranges over practically the whole field of political problems. We find him at one point defining the tasks of the next Labour Government and discussing the necessary adaptations in the structure and procedure of Parliament and in the constitution of the Cabinet and the Civil Service, and in another setting down his views on religion or his general attitude to life. There are chapters on foreign policy and on the future of the British Empire, on the "money octopus" and on the Trade Union movement, on housing and town-planning, crime and punishment, health and hospitals, agriculture and a great many other matters. But one reads the book far less for what Mr. Lansbury has to say on any of these specific issues than as the expression of his faith in the possibility of a society moved by a different set of motives from those on which modern capitalist

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society relies. There are times when his writing recalls that of another great Englishman, Cobbett, who loved his country, and spent his overmastering energy in a lifelong attempt to right its wrongs. The following quotation, for example, shows very clearly the essential quality of George Lansbury's mind and attitude :

> I love England and especially dear, ugly East London, more than I can say. As the years pass, my love has grown stronger. I think of this island as a jewel set in the sea. People may chant hymns of hate about our climate, but where on God's earth is there a land of hedgerows and lanes which every spring-time resound with a chorus of song from innumerable birds, and bursts into a perfect profligacy of flowers and shrubs, trees and bushes, which gladden the sight of all who are privileged to see them. I want my England also to be a land where freedom of body, soul and spirit is as widespread as natural beauty is in the spring-time. Yes, I want our people to join me in striving to bring love into all our lives, because once we love each other all other things will be added unto us.

That is like Cobbett in one way, but very unlike him in another, for Cobbett's peroration would certainly have been about the things he hated rather than the need for universal love. But when George Lansbury talks about universal love he means it, and his strength as a leader of English opinion is that a great many less vigorous and masterful personalities right through the Labour movement mean it too, and therefore accept him as the representative English figure who, more than anyone else, means what they mean, and is driven on by the same passion for justice and human happiness that has made them Socialists. G. D. H. C.

CROSS OUT LOUISA

Edgar Allan Poe. A Critical Biography. By DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rarely, rarely can the reviewer hope to have anything to say which will be of the least interest to the author of the book he reviews. But here, for what it is worth, is a fact relevant to page 26 of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's *Edgar Allan Poe*. The sixteen crude maledictory lines written with a bad quill pen of which the last eight run as follows—

> Rise—rise, infernal spirits, rise,
> Swift dart across her brain,
> Thou horror with blood chilling cries
> Lead on thy hidious train.
>
> O, feast my soul, revenge is sweet,
> Louisa, take my scorn—
> Cirs'd was the hour that saw us meet,
> The hour that we were born.

are not by Edgar Allan Poe. They are out of *George Barnwell, A Novel*, by T. S. Surr, published in 1798, and obtainable from the London Library to witness if I lie; and there is nothing of Poe's about them save for some variants of punctuation and some crude maledictory spelling.

As far as Poe's and Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's reputations are concerned, I do not think this disclosure need seriously affect one or the other. There is so much bad in the best of Poe's work that the removal of this particular bad from the canon is a mere flea-bite. And that Dame Una Pope-Hennessy should have accepted it is just a stroke of ill-luck, and what might happen to any one industrious enough to be able to append a two-page list of authorities consulted. It is the more unfortunate because her book is careful, clear, and level-headed. In fact, for a book about Poe, it is almost disquietingly calm, so that concluding it one is inclined to ask oneself, " I wonder why she chose Poe ? Would she not have been just as happy with Whittier ? "

Maybe she would have been more fortunate in the authorities she followed if the book had been about Whittier. For one thing, I understand there are not so many authorities. Only an authority, I imagine, and an enthusiast, some eminent bat who had devoted his life to the subject, could have the mental inertia to suppose that those lines about Louisa were by Edgar Allan Poe. For this indiscriminating idiocy there is the less excuse since the MS. in which they occur (pages of Poe's youthful handwriting preserved in the Ellis and Allan files) contains extracts from Byron, Goldsmith, and Charles Wolfe. Yet, because this heavy-footed balderdash about Louisa does not happen to be an anthology deposit, it must needs be canonised as Poe Juvenilia. Thence spring such hopeful suppositions as those summarised by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. " Early verses. . . . They appear to have been addressed to a girl called Louisa who spurned his friendship. Possibly they were written for Louisa Hunter, a young niece of Charles Ellis." And if Miss Hunter had been called Eliza, and research had failed to claw out a young lady called Louisa, presumably the enlightened specialists would have decided that Louisa was an alias to spare Eliza's feelings. SYLVIA TOWNSEND-WARNER

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be argued that if the nationalisation of the Bank of England is an effective one the nationalisation of the banks which distribute credit is not so important, but if the banking directors and their friends are to be deposed from their positions of power and privilege the nationalisation of the joint stock banks becomes a first-class political and social issue for the Labour Party.

"The considerations," Mr. Johnston says, "which would discourage us from nationalising the joint stock banks become even more apparent when we look at the acceptance houses and discount houses. . . . So long as international trade is a matter left to individual citizens and is operated by them at a profit, the acceptance and discount houses had better remain the private risk-taking enterprises that they now are." Mr. Johnston completely fails to understand the evil which the acceptance houses may do by engaging in the financing of international trade opposed to the economic and political interests of this country. Has he forgotten that the swollen European commitments of the acceptance houses were partly responsible for the British financial crisis of 1929? Even now the acceptance houses may be extending credits to the competitors and potential enemies of this country. It is evident that Mr. Johnston does not really know what goes on in the City.

When Mr. Johnston is dealing with the City scoundrels of the past he is much more entertaining. His portraits in the rogues' gallery—Thomas Farrow, Terah Hooley, Horatio Bottomley, Lee Bevan, Clarence Hatry and Ivar Kreuger—are well drawn. Perhaps the most engaging of these swindlers was Terah Hooley, who was nothing if not frank. He never troubled himself about the subsequent management of the companies he promoted. "I floated them," he said, "got what I could out of them and let someone else nurse the baby." Hooley lived through three bankruptcies and a prison sentence of three years. After his first bankruptcy he declared, "Life went on with me after my smash pretty much the same as before. To a financier such as myself it is not a bad idea almost once every ten years to have a thorough clean up." Incidentally, Hooley boasted that he was the pioneer in the use of noble "guinea-pig" directors as baits for the investing public. "When I bought the Dunlop business in 1896," he says in his "Confessions," "I thought it would be a good idea to have some well-known people on the board, and so I got hold of an Earl, now deceased, and said to him: 'Now look here, I'll give you £10,000 for a Duke, and £5,000 apiece for a couple of ordinary peers. I don't mind who they are so long as they are fairly well known.'" "Right you are, my boy," he replied breezily, "it won't take me long to find the people you want." "His *modus operandi*," writes Mr. Johnston, "was to purchase a sound prosperous company, and refloat it upon the public as a great limited liability concern, securing to himself colossal sums for goodwill, etc." This still remains the big idea of the company promoting business.

Mr. Johnston has a good acquaintance with the City rogues, but he fails to understand the honest and distinguished gentlemen who work the financial system of the City most efficiently in the interests of themselves and their shareholders.

Life & Letters

NOVEMBER

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No. 244

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 23rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 242

Set by V. Sackville-West

We are all aware of shadows in our past. We have all known certain murky moments which we would not readily recall, even to ourselves. You are invited now to recall such moments, not only to yourselves, but publicly and in print. You are invited, in short, to relate in four hundred words of prose the most painful moment you have ever experienced in your life. You are invited to set on record either the worst social solecism you have ever committed as an adult, or the most painful recollection of your childhood; in either case, to set on record the experience you would least readily relate to even your most intimate friends. You may take your choice between your adult or your childish experience. And a further grace must necessarily be extended to you; it will obviously be impossible for the judge of this competition to decide between actual or imaginary experiences. So you can invent if you like, but your invention will have to carry conviction. Invention will have to be so vivid as to persuade the judge that it is actual and true. Therefore it is suggested to competitors that their contribution should represent fact rather than invention. Fact, in this competition, should prove more interesting than fiction. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. Sackville-West

Never was competition easier to judge, or prizes more readily awarded. This for the reason that the majority of the competitors appeared completely to misunderstand the whole point of the competition, and thus sent in accounts of the moments in which they had been most frightened, instead of the moments in which they had been socially most embarrassed. Yet the terms of the competition were surely explicit enough?

Five competitors stand out from the ruck, two of whom carry off the prizes. The three runners-up are Agatha, William Bliss, and the Rev. A. Ferguson. Agatha contributes an amusing story about "a young Congregational Minister," with whom she confesses herself to have been "very much in love." Agatha had a hobby of collecting figurines, "soldiers, dancers, mannikins, etc., in china or wood or metal," including a figure of a Burmese coolie in ebony and silver.

Our Chinese Puzzle!

It happened two years ago. A customer told us that a Chinese friend was coming along to order some clothes. Later in the day not one but seven Chinese gentlemen called on us, followed within a few minutes by three others! Their knowledge of English was only slightly better than our knowledge of Chinese. They were all dressed for a reception—morning coats and striped trousers—and, to us, were alike as ten Gold Flake!

Amidst an oriental gabble, they pulled down almost every roll of cloth in the place and proceeded to give us orders. Such was the confusion that our only hope was to label each customer with the number of the cloth ordered. We will never be quite certain that Ching is not wearing Chang's suit and Chung's overcoat!

* * *

Was it a natural antipathy towards the West that made these Eastern gentlemen come citywards for their clothes? Or had our customer told them that the West End did not monopolise the best tailoring? Probably the latter.

The Goss brothers make no claim to be tailoring prodigies. They have practised their calling for many years and it makes their work more interesting to study the taste and the wishes peculiar to each customer. Shoddy materials and good craftsmanship being strange if not impossible allies, the Goss brothers use only the finest materials that British industry and design can produce. This applies to the unseen as much as to the visible materials that go to the making of men's wear.

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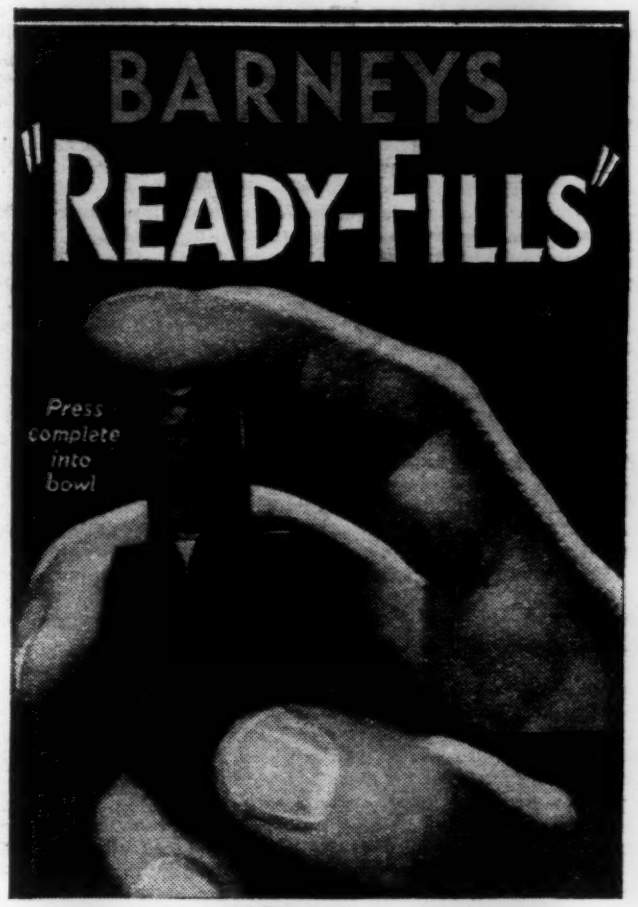

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In three strengths: 1/2*d. oz.*
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This figure she arranged on the drawing-room mantelpiece. "Now, Mr. M," she laughed, "I'm going to show you the only man I ever loved." To her horror, she saw that he was staring past her little coolie into the immense mirror which hung behind it. . . .

William Bliss contributes a scholarly and excellently written tale of a Jesuit father, with poignant comments on the English character as represented by the English language. I nearly awarded him the prize, but then reflected that instead of earning a mere two guineas he would be much better advised to turn his contribution into an article or a short story.

The Rev. A. Ferguson derived embarrassment from a fish-cake which, at a dinner-party, he mistook for a roll of bread. He tried to crumble it between his fingers, and only when it refused to crumble did he realise the mistake he had made. He then made "the only possible remark: *Panem et Circenses*."

So much for the runners-up. The winners carry off the prizes triumphantly, for the reason that theirs are the only two good jokes apparent in the whole competition.

FIRST PRIZE

I am what is called an "old maid"; I am, alas, easily irritated and sharp-tongued; and my standard of propriety in speech is, naturally, not the current one.

For nearly ten years before financial difficulties forced me to move to London I was honorary local secretary of the Woman's Conservative League in a small northern town. I used to type the correspondence and distribute either by hand or through the post our monthly bulletin, *The Conservative Woman*. Some subscribers lived too far for my walking powers, but not far enough to justify postage stamps; my maid took their copies on her bicycle.

Early one March a niece paid me a three days' visit. I was not in good health at the time; and she upset me by forgetting again and again, despite reminders on my part and promises on hers, to take round those few copies of the March *Conservative Woman* which, as my maid was suffering from varicose veins, had not as yet reached the addressees. Since my niece made several little excursions in her motor car, it was not asking a great deal of her.

She left on the Friday morning and came to my room to wish me a perfunctory good-bye. I heard her talking in the road with two young men, my next-door neighbours. When she got into the motor car and banged the door, I suddenly remembered the bulletins. I jumped hastily out of bed and, throwing a shawl over my shoulders, I went to the window.

At such moments no one weighs their phraseology very fully; and mine would have appeared to any listener entirely innocent, had not my niece with deliberate cruelty made a most unpleasant, a most agonising innuendo.

"Remember," I called loudly through the window to her, "remember that there are five *Conservative Women* lying on the hall table waiting to be delivered."

"I know, Auntie," she bawled back, "I'm going straight for the doctor."

ANTIGONE

SECOND PRIZE

There was a time when I believed myself to be deeply in love with Myra. My first meeting with her parents was therefore of the utmost importance.

Myra told me (*a*) that they were snobs; (*b*) that they only admired young men who either were, or looked as if they were, Guards officers; (*c*) that their conversation was usually confined to sport. Since (*a*) I am not a gentleman; (*b*) at that time wore my hair long, with a short beard and shell spectacles; and (*c*) can only talk well about my own job, which is painting, I felt that I was in for a difficult evening.

There was a ray of hope. Myra's mother believed that she knew something about old furniture; anyhow, she spent much money in buying it. I read a book on the subject.

The four of us sat down to an admirable dinner and Myra lost no time in guiding the conversation into the desired channel. I felt that I was acquitting myself well.

"But what *is* difficult," my hostess said during the fish, "is to make period bedrooms comfortable. For instance, we can't get ours decently warm without huge log fires, which are dreadfully expensive. And I refuse to have those dreadful gas affairs and ruin the effect."

I remembered the glittering array of brass warming pans in the hall.

"Ah," I said, wisely but gaily, "why don't you use your bed pans for the purpose for which they were meant?"

I often see Myra and her husband when they come up to town. But, curiously, I've never cared to meet her parents since that dinner.

LEMUEL

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One of these Gift Sets of
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No. 4 Set: Fruit Dish, 1½ pints, Fruit Dish, 2½ pints, 2 Chromium-plated table stands 17/-
No. 5 Set: Casserole, 1½ pints, Casserole, 2 pints, 1 Lid, which fits either Casserole, and which can also be used by itself as a shallow cooking dish, 1 Chromium-plated table stand, which fits any of the three dishes 21/-
Each set securely packed in artistic box. Obtainable from Stores, China Dealers, Hardwaremen and Gas Companies. If any difficulty, please write the makers.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 99.—FIVEBEANS'S FARM

(By R. A. A. WILLENS)

"Nice farm you've got," I said to Farmer Fivebeans. "What stock does it carry?"

"Well," said Fivebeans, "my cattle are all in the ten-acre meadow, and the number of cattle per square mile there, plus the number of sheep per square mile on the whole farm—that's 128 acres—comes to 5,000, and there's 23 times as many sheep as pigs. If you can work it out from that, you're welcome.

What stock does Farmer Fivebeans's Farm carry?

PROBLEM 97—THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

The statements of Percy and Tresham about the Catherine-wheel and the Mine of Serpents were in each case in direct contradiction; ∴ of Percy and Tresham (each of whom makes only one correct statement out of three) one told the truth about the Mine of Serpents, and the other told the truth about the Catherine-wheel; both lied about the rocket.

∴ Digby sent up the rocket; and Fawkes's statement about the rocket was a lie.
Another boy set light to the Catherine-wheel, so Fawkes's statement about the Catherine-wheel was also a lie.
∴ Fawkes's statement about the Mine of Serpents was the truth;
∴ Percy let off the Mine of Serpents.
∴ Percy's statement about the Mine of Serpents was a lie;
∴ His statement about the Catherine-wheel was the truth;
∴ Catesby set light to the Catherine-wheel.

PROBLEM 96—SYBIL

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: G. Barger, 48, St. Alban's Road Edinburgh.

There were 182 correct solutions. *Four* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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Edited by HAROLD STOREY

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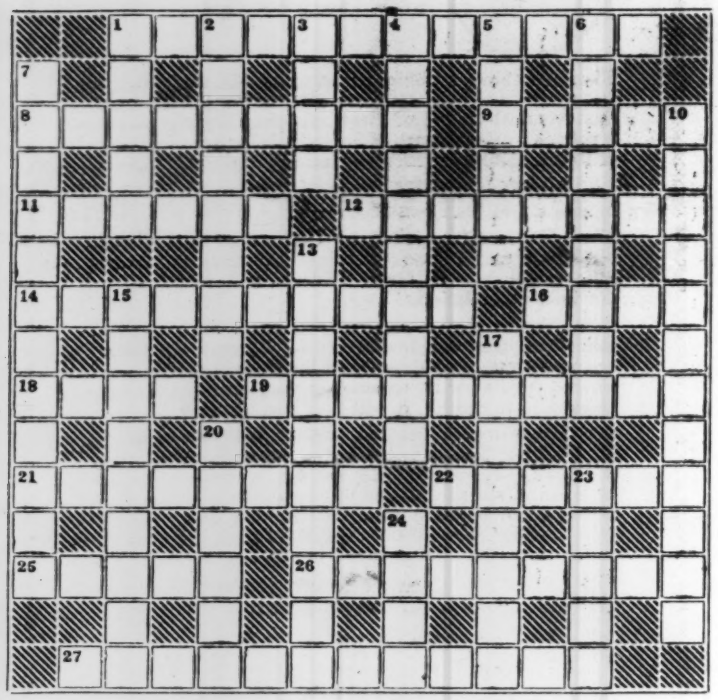
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 245

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. Aylmer, 8 The Mount, Heath Street, N.W.3.

ACROSS.

1. Rural description of an angry nation.
8. Does this imply one over the eight at the bank?
9. This hat obviously began by being an inverted saucepan.
11. Hangs over the riser.
12. When wholly burnt it is 15.
14. It's nice mixed, with no harm in it.
16. "No ——— can him fright."
18. Cupid's fell on love-in-idleness.
19. Naturally the moon.
21. Noble part of state architecture no doubt.
22. However old, his middle age is apparent.
25. It's hopeless to look for a needle in this.
26. Bad temper results when Mother Carey falls sick.
27. Should be prepared to take a turn on the road.

DOWN.

1. In this game all play is on the square.
2. The bishop is so common in his diocese.
3. This sort of bard carries a weapon.
4. Where nothing is minded.
5. Lower entomologist's aim with a female butterfly.
6. Doing up descriptive of second marriages.
7. Produced by shop assistants' bellows?
10. Machinery behaved like a worm.
13. Uncle Tom's master got a fatal stab with it.
15. See 12.
17. Charge on the level.
20. What a long totter does.
23. When you get this food you're for it.
24. This solid could swim.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	U	S	K	I	N	■	■	G	R	E	A	S	E	
R	■	T	■	S	■	■	■	M	■	I	■	N	■	N
U	N	I	F	I	E	R	■	A	R	S	E	N	A	L
I	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	H	■	A	■	I
S	P	R	I	G	■	A	G	O	N	I	S	T	E	S
E	■	U	■	L	■	C	■	F	■	■	■	T	■	T
■	■	P	E	A	C	H	B	L	O	S	S	O	M	■
■	■	■	■	S	■	M	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	■
■	M	A	S	S	M	E	E	T	I	N	G	S	■	■
E	■	N	■	■	■	D	■	T	■	D	■	T	■	P
F	U	N	N	Y	B	O	N	E	■	S	T	O	L	E
F	■	A	■	E	■	W	■	R	■	T	■	P	■	N
E	N	T	R	A	I	N	■	S	H	O	T	G	U	N
C	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	N	■	A	■	O
T	I	S	A	N	E	■	■	■	H	E	M	P	E	N

BREAKFAST TABLE BLUES

If we could observe all the breakfast tables in the world, what a distressing number of grumpy faces we should see. What selfish appropriation of newspapers. What captious criticism of too well done bacon and too little done eggs. For there are still many people who awake unrefreshed from sleep; still many people who have not yet learnt the secret of "jolly" good health. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing in the morning is a great dispeller of breakfast table blues. And the same remedy last thing at night is a great promoter of deep, refreshing sleep.

QUAKER
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